THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

Volume IX — New York, Wednesday, March 13, 1929 — Number 19

EDITORIAL BOARD
MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Editor
GEORGE N. SHUSTER, Managing Editor
MARY KOLARS, Assistant Editor

JOHN F. McCORMICK, Business Manager

EDITORIAL COUNCIL
CARLTON J. H. HAYES
T. LAWRASON RIGGS
R. DANA SKINNER
JAMES J. WALSH

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Vincennes Looks Back 525
Week by Week 526
For a Coherent China 529
The Hurrah Express 530
The Disappearing Orator 531
Women in Congress ..... George E. Anderson 532
Sir Bertram Windle ..... James J. Walsh 534
What Shall the Faithful Sing? ..... Cuthbert Wright 536
The Newest Weapon ..... Paul Brown 538
Success *(verse)* ..... William Allen Ward 539
The Maryland Tercentenary ..... Mark O. Shriver 540
River Changes ..... William Everett Cram 541
Communications 542
The Play ..... R. Dana Skinner 544
Books ..... John A. Ryan, Mary Ellen Chase, Walter V. Anderson, R. Ellsworth Larsson, Frederick H. Martens, A. Campbell Turner, Kilian J. Hennrich, George McCabe 545

Published weekly and copyrighted 1929, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y. United States: $5.00; Foreign: $6.00; Canada: $5.50. Single Copies: $.10.

VINCENNES LOOKS BACK

WITH music and speeches, with a President, a governor and a university dean collaborating as a sort of ceremonial relay, the sesquicentennial observance of the capture of Fort Sackville by George Rogers Clark was recently opened at Vincennes. Let it be noted for the benefit of those unfamiliar with the daily press that the site of the old fort is being cleared of buildings as a very practical contribution to the celebration. It is no symmetric past that has its inning at Vincennes. City of three flags, and the centre, for a few years at least, of very stirring events, it has had 150 years of comparative obscurity; its individuality neutralized, perhaps, by that deadly claim to likeness which the Middle-West seems to exact of all its cities. It is partly, of course, as a protest against that long oblivion, as an assertion of its right to be considered apart from its neighbors, that so much attention has been given to preparations for the commemoration of its most notable hour. Publicity will attract the country's notice to Vincennes, and that will keep its citizens on their toes. The result will be prosperity, alertness, health.

But one other result the observance may have which will be good for Vincennes, and this, too, we trust, has been present in the minds of the sponsors. One looks back upon valiant deeds that were prompted by a spirit for which there is still a place among men; is inspired by the force of character—George Rogers Clark mortgaging his fortune to take the West, Father Gibault rallying his scattered flock to the American cause. And there is room for penitence, too; at least not many can be proud of the treatment which the established republic accorded its military hero. They are building him a monument now to cost about a million and a half, President Coolidge himself making the contact which blew up a grain elevator on the necessary site. But the reparation, despite the passing of a century, is an embarrassing parallel to the memorial sword once voted by the Assembly of Virginia.

Not for Vincennes alone, but for the whole Middle-West, the story of that early day is of too real a value to be neglected. It is good to be the hog-butcher and granary of the world so long as pride does not make us forget our debts. We have a very great debt to the men who tamed the wilderness, which is not paid by erecting a monument. It can be paid if we remember occasionally that the explorers, the missionaries,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the fighters and the pioneers, were opening up a land for some better reason than that we should grow fat upon it. It can be paid if we shape our ambitions accordingly. It can be paid if we remember that these predecessors (whose bravery we praise) had hopes of us.

Thus it would be well for the middle states to develop a consciousness of their past. There is a lesson to be learned, of high resolve backed with courage, of accomplishment tempered by humility. Of course the ideal way in which to express the lesson is through literature. But for a reason not yet made plain, no poet or novelist of more than ordinary ability has been prompted to give this past its authentic voice. The less pleasant aspects of the present-day Middle-West are celebrated increasingly; its writers are eager enough to select such details from its current routine as may enable them to paint that picture of it which they hold so dearly: the picture of a smoky-faced giant, a giant of the commonplace, going about his business with a swagger and a raucous song. Until old Vincennes, Prairie du Chien, until the environment of George Rogers Clark, Charles de Langlade and Father Gibault enchant them equally, it is to pageants that we must turn, stereotyped as they may be; to pageants and celebrations, in the failure of literature.

WEEK BY WEEK

THE long-expected storm has broken in Mexico. Reports coming one after the other emphasize the dimensions and intensity of the revolutionary movement which now challenges the power of Portes Gil and his supporters. It has often been said that Sonora predicts the kind of political weather which is to prevail south of the Rio Grande; however, not Sonora alone but several other states as well are scenes of an uprising in which the army itself is engaged. That these events are of serious importance to the United States goes without saying. For months our ambassador has been laboring to fortify the Calles régime, and in order to give him what was deemed necessary assistance, the free press of the country has muzzled itself. The revolution, therefore, seems a surprising and inexplicable occurrence to all who have believed in the ultimate success of the "good-will" campaign. For ourselves we can only say that, regrettable as a new outbreak of civil war in Mexico is, the thing has been brewing for more than a year. Toward the close of last December we declared that Portes Gil would find himself in the path of a tornado before many weeks had passed. It has taken eight weeks, to be precise. This estimate required no gift of prophecy. Anybody in possession of accurate news about Mexico would have known that the specious picture of quiet progress drawn by correspondents with their tongues in their cheeks was untrue in every respect.

Turmoil in Mexico

WHAT is to happen now? From a Catholic point of view it is obvious that the extensive and sometimes militant opposition to religious oppression is not in the foreground of the present revolution. The battle is being waged by angered and determined Obregonistas. But there can be no doubt as to which side the active Catholic population will support, and little question that, if the movement is successful, an improvement in the status of the Church will follow. Accordingly, any actual support now given to the Calles party by the United States government would be not merely support of a dictatorship bitterly disliked at home but also a bolstering up of religious persecution. It is an exceedingly crucial moment. That talk of intervention should increase is not unlikely—is, indeed, quite probable if the situation gets out of hand. How Catholics, who have witnessed the suffering of their brethren in the Faith during these ghastly years, will regard such talk goes without saying. They consider it absolutely essential that Mexico be permitted to work out its own destiny. The sole desiratum is that Washington recognize the sober elements really at work south of the Rio Grande, and not commit us all to more pipe dreams.

DESPITE the antecedent rumors to the effect that the last two members of the new Cabinet to be announced would be "surprises," the selection of Arthur M. Hyde of Missouri for Secretary of Agriculture, and of Robert Patterson Lamont of Illinois for Secretary of Commerce, is totally in line with the other choices which Mr. Hoover has made. This will be no Cabinet of "best minds," but a conservative, honest, industrious and above all, tractable group of men. The confirmed politician has no place in it. Nor have the southern states, which stood so strangely in the Republican column last November, been recognized. Rewards were evidently far from the mind of Mr. Hoover, and those who supported him with the idea of a quid pro quo must forget the hopes which they by no means kept secret. Precisely what elements went into the balance when Mr. Hoover weighed each possibility will never be known, but it is certain from the completed list that the new President will maintain his authority fully, and that the departmental administrations will be closely watched, if not subtly directed, by the White House.

The New Secretaries

WHATEVER verdict history may render on Calvin Coolidge as a President of the United States, it must recount the fact that he acted at all times in accord with his own convictions. A belief that these convictions coincided with the national mind actuated him in carrying forward most of his policies. This is the appraisal he has placed on himself in declaring that he has "minded his own business"; and it has been a true one even in those

A President Appraises Himself

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

achievements which he, as well as the rest of the world, regards as the crown of his six years at the head of the nation. In international and internal affairs he has really not led, but has interpreted what he believed to be the voice of the people. That his interpretations have not always been correct is an obvious commentary. But Mr. Coolidge has not failed conspicuously. He has been the individual expression of that longing for normalcy which has been current in the country since the war. Because he has been careful to pursue the even tenor of the average way, he goes back to private life a man praised, even though not admired. He has been a good and conscientious servant of the American people.

Penalties and Finances

THE last important piece of legislation which bears the signature of Calvin Coolidge is the Jones Bill, which was passed overwhelmingly in the House. Mr. Coolidge wasted no time in approving a measure which places an extraordinary reliance on the discretion of the courts, and which is the most drastic step ever devised by the dry forces in their effort to insure obedience to the prohibition amendment. Strictly speaking, it is not an enforcement measure so much as a penalizing measure. It provides no new forces or agencies by which the law breaker can be caught, but merely increases the price of capture. It may lessen the ranks of the sellers of liquor but it will certainly make them a more desperate class, and new violences throughout the country can be expected. Mr. Coolidge took satisfaction in the fact that the provision raising the violation of prohibition from a misdemeanor to a felony makes it possible to deport alien offenders. But no one is deceived into believing that the bootlegger is an exclusively foreign product. Since the passage of the Jones Bill the House has had its own way with the Senate, and the $24,000,000 recently approved for prohibition enforcement by the senior body has been reduced to a total of $3,177,914. As a result of such inconsistencies in legislative action, the problems that have come in the wake of the Eighteenth Amendment are intensified, and new obstacles are thrown in the way of their final solution. This is the task which Mr. Hoover in his inaugural address declared that he would immediately undertake by the appointment of a national committee which will investigate the situation thoroughly. Much will depend on its findings.

The Apostle of Ireland

THE feast day of Saint Patrick could not be more fittingly observed than by a reading of the life of the patron of Ireland. In such a perusal one will find the account of one of the most zealous evangelists the Church has ever produced. For Patrick was not merely content to convert the Emerald Isle and confound the satanic mysticism of the Druids, but he wrestled with heaven to grant perpetuation of his work. Those long vigils and penitential fasts on the mountain top are an inspiration to anyone seeking favor by prayer. It is recorded that Saint Patrick was promised by the angels many things with which a lesser soul would have been completely satisfied. But he prayed on until the concessions he obtained for the people he evangelized were greater than those which God has ever vouchsafed to any other race. It is this example of singleness of purpose and undeviating belief in the efficacy of prayer which has made the Apostle of Ireland particularly beloved by the faithful of all countries. The predictions that he made concerning Ireland and the Faith are no surer than the statement that she will always cherish his memory and promote his veneration.

Reforming the Schools

IT WAS certainly a suspicion that we are not receiving full value for the money put into our schools which prompted the superintendence division of the National Educational Association to deal so freely and sympathetically with suggestions for institutional as well as curricular reforms at its annual meeting in Cleveland. The suspicion was expressed in various ways. Professor Dewey returned to his old thesis that teaching in the early school years must be adapted to the experiences which children are gaining outside of school; Mr. William Cooper, the new United States Commissioner of Education, declared for a reorganization of the secondary school system to provide for an elementary period of six years, followed by two periods of four years each; and there was a committee report to the effect that primary and secondary schools and colleges are isolated institutions failing to coördinate even in the simplest necessity of the earlier preparing for the later. Behind all this, of course, was a thought for the waste which, from kindergarten to university, accompanies our educational system: waste of time, of opportunity, of the public funds. It is significant that the men who are closest to the situation, and who undoubtedly know most about it, are so alive to the need for a revision of the program—a revision which will make for compactness and acceleration.

APROPOS of this, it is to be hoped that when the legislatures are ready to back such a revision, the men employed will remember that one of the principal duties of a school, advanced or elementary, is to prepare a man to help himself; to teach him how he can study independently of any curriculum. This should be as important a part of the early school training as it is of the collegiate, since for every lad who goes through to the university, a dozen or more leave school somewhere between the sixth and ninth grades. Just now the elementary school is rare which effectually impresses a pupil with the fact that, no matter what his interests are, he can satisfy them at a library. The average boy who goes to work after the eighth grade

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

knows nothing at all about a library except that it is a place where story-books are kept, or that it is frequented solely by children not athletically inclined, and by very old men. Does he know that the manual and industrial arts, in which he is likely to be interested, are represented by truly fascinating books—that something more than a mechanic's knowledge of the automobile, the airplane, the radio or what-not, can be his through his own effort? Probably not, but he does know how to vote—ten years before he will go to the polls.

EXPECTATIONS as to the Italian government's last word on the Italia disaster were confounded last week when its official committee of inquiry held General Nobile responsible for the wreck of the dirigible and condemned him for having allowed himself to be rescued before his companions. Previous utterances from official circles, particularly comment on Lieutenant Lundborg's testimony that he had insisted on removing Nobile first, had led the press generally to anticipate a far different result. It is barely possible, of course, that by concentrating the blame on Nobile, and thereby acceding to the indignant wishes of other nations, the committee's report has been calculated to divert attention from the far more delicate case of Mariano and Zappi, companions of the unlucky Malmgren. The fate of this highly esteemed Swedish scientist must always remain a mystery, and because of the serious international complications involved, is perhaps better so. General Nobile may resent being made the only scapegoat, but considering the fact that the expedition was the result of his planning in the first place, and that among his motives the desire to belittle Roald Amundsen's part in the voyage of the Norge was conspicuous, it will be better for all if he keeps his complaint in the dark.

Blame for the Italia

WITH the spring book lists announcing more biographies than ever, it is time that a mild protest be entered against the application of the term "new biography" to any tract in debunkery and any essay on the accomplishments of right worshipful highwaymen so long as the actual existence of the men and women inventoried is not entirely fictitious. These books are not biography, no matter how well authenticated may be the deeds and the speeches attributed to their subjects. The attitude which the "new biographers" adopt toward those deeds and speeches, the comments made and gratuitous conclusions drawn—all this, which may be included under method, has no place in biography, but does have a place in fiction. The spirit, too, in which such books are written is the spirit of fiction. We do not object to the number of volumes being put together by this method and in this spirit so long as they are not distributed to book-buyers (among whom we include ourselves) under the pretense of biography. We do object to somebody or other's glamorous and highly colored tale of Billy the Kid being read as an authentic report, while Mr. Rupert Hughes's novel on Washington is listed under a heading which gives it the same dignity accorded the late Senator Beveridge's scholarly Life of Lincoln.

Biography—What It Is Not

THE impulse toward equipping the Catholic as a defender of the Faith which has been one of the avowed purposes of the Calvert Associates, and of the National Council of Catholic Men through its newly established bureau of Catholic Apologetics, has been crystallized in many sections of the country. In numerous cases this has been a direct outcome of the laymen's retreat movement. In New Jersey the men who have supported and attended the Loyola House of Retreats at Morristown have provided a nucleus for the establishment of a Catholic Forum under the direction of the Reverend William I. Lonergan, S.J. This is one of the most tangible of those evidences of the value of retreats for laymen which have inspired the men making them with the desire to carry over into every-day life the fruits of meditation and prayer. There is a new thirst for instructive information and tactics. It is in recognition of this fact that the Paulist Fathers in New York City have established a course of lectures in Catholic apologetics, which is being widely attended by both men and women. With the establishment in Washington of the new agency for the "systematic, intelligent and clear exposition," by every possible modern means, "of our faith, of the character, history and teachings of the Church and the civil and religious allegiance of Catholics," the prospect for great good becomes daily more promising.

The Advance in Apologetics

THE plan of tuition remissions for students which Dr. Harvey Nathaniel Davis, president of Stevens Institute of Technology, has recently announced, is a new and interesting variant of the scholarship idea. Briefly, it places a cash value on proficiency in study and extra-curricular activities. With this system in effect a college entrant is able to "work his way" through college without giving attention or energy to things more extraneous than books and classes, student honors and athletic achievement. Such a method would naturally appeal both to those who are able to pay for an education and to those who cannot hope to acquire one save by accepting work which will provide them with some sort of income during their college years. It would intensify competition in all phases of college life. The scholarship idea rewards a youth for excellence in high school work; the Stevens project would recognize that excellence only if it were continued on into the higher education. It is in this radical departure that the new

The Pay-As-You-Go Plan

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

plan would work its greatest good. The scholarship student, as a rule, duplicates his high school marks in college; but since his tuition is assured, excellent class standings are not a necessary goal to him. On the other hand, the scholarship idea never took care of the student who has acquired new evaluations of study on entering college, and who can be given a tremendous impetus toward learning by the establishment of such a practical prize.

Gambling on Folios

IT HAS always been possible to say this much for the collector of rare books: that he takes up his hobby first of all because he loves books, and only secondarily for the speculative potentialities involved. His field may be invaded very shortly, however, by a competitor whose only interest in books is as an investment, especially if intrinsic literary worth continues to be disregarded as at least part of the basis for prices. Recently, for instance, if the attention of all who like to risk a dollar on the chance of getting three in return had not been glued to the stock market, very general excitement might have been caused by the sale of Shelley's own copy of Queen Mab for $68,000, though a few years ago it had been considered no bargain at one-fourth that price. Of course the sale was attended with a little fluttering in the libraries, and with some astonishment in the few scholastic bowers where Queen Mab is ever read. But the proper place for this was in circles devoted to financial speculation. The price of Shelly association copies, of Shakespeare first folios and of Byron autographs should be quoted daily by the brokers, and speculators should be buying, selling and trading books which they do not own or expect to own, just as they now deal in stocks. For nothing is more obvious than that only a spirit of gambling could justify $68,000 for the Queen Mab referred to; or $48,000 for a manuscript of Charles Lamb's, or $27,500 for a first edition of Tom Jones.

FOR A COHERENT CHINA

WHAT is most discouraging about the news of cannonading on the western horizon of Chefoo in Shantung, is the demonstration that the office of war lord is not one that many Chinese generals will readily abandon. The despatches indicate the belief —and certainly with just cause—that the Nationalist party will have no difficulty in suppressing the first sizable revolution against the new Nanking government. But the vainglorious attempts of Marshal Chang Tsung-chang to become all-powerful in Shantung and of Li Tsung-yen to establish a new government in Hunan province are more significant in their presages than in their actual accomplishment.

No other country in the world has been so consistently the football of nations as China. Her tremendous internal problems have always been complicated by the demands of "the most favored nation"; and practically every nation has insisted on the insertion of that clause in treaties with her. So she has floundered between the policies of maintaining an army to preserve the order heretofore insured by the presence of foreign troops and ships; of demobilizing and disarming a soldiery which is too inclined to fight no matter who the foe; and of inviting outside capital to help in the gigantic matters of railroad building, development of natural resources, stabilization of employment, famine and flood relief, without new concessions of extraterritoriality. Other powers have recognized her difficulties time and again. It is gratifying to Americans that the United States led in the business of incorporating this friendly and sympathetic attitude into a recognition of the Nationalistic government—the first strong power in China to work for a consolidation of provinces under new democratic principles. Our country, however, has not been so generous in subscribing to the abolition of extraterritoriality, which was the crowning policy of Dr. Sun Yat-sen's basic endeavor to revise all "unequal treaties." The events of the next four years will have powerful influence in shaping the American attitude; but under the expiration terms of our treaty, Washington will, at best, be lagging behind other powers, five of which have already agreed to relinquish their rights by 1930. But China in the meanwhile will not look in vain toward American capital for the purposes of economic rehabilitation.

Negotiations with other nations continue. The most notable is with Japan, since the policy of Tokio is the determination of the issues that have arisen in Manchuria and Shantung. Many of the disorders which have agitated the latter province are attributed directly to the island empire by Russians and Chinese alike. To the Chinese Japan is pictured as territorially aggressive, and the Tsinan-fu incident as merely a convenient occasion for Japanese occupation. It is true that the Sino-Japanese parleys have been dragging along since last summer, but although the conversations have reached frequent impasses, both sides have shown remarkable good-will on the whole. There is obviously no mere policy of aggrandizement in Japan's determination to keep troops in Shantung, so long as bands of soldiers and brigands menace the safety and lives of foreigners—among them the numerous Japanese population which it has been impossible to withdraw from that danger zone. Manchuria is another question altogether. There Japan has more to fear from Russia, which under Sovietism is conceived by Tokio to be a greater enemy than the czarist government ever was.

Next to Japan, from the standpoint of obstruction to the complete fulfilment of Nationalistic aims, is the influence of Russia. It is not so easy to determine the extent of Moscow's schemes, but it is evident that, in playing off China against Japan in much the same manner that marked her policy in Afghanistan, she

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hopes to strengthen the Soviet position in Siberia and northern China. Nor is the annexation of Manchuria an utterly remote possibility. These are perils which Japan is determined to eliminate if she possibly can, and she is not particularly concerned if the means which she chooses to accomplish this end necessarily involve considerable embarrassment to the government at Nanking.

In lesser measure this is apt to be the attitude of other nations toward China. Railroad building is a prime necessity in promoting the development of a country which possesses but a half-mile of lines to every 100 square miles. Yet Great Britain, jealous of the Yangtse trade that pours down the river into Canton, has held up the construction of the Hankau-Canton branch of the Canton-Pekin line; while the Tsingtao-Tsinan-fu railway, which Japan took over from Germany in part payment of indemnity and later sold to China, is still heavily mortgaged to Japan, which has once more resumed actual control. Nanking must learn, indeed, not only to build railroads but to operate them, a responsibility which it cannot assume unless its government is stable and competent enough to protect them from the raids and excursions of guerrillas. In consequence the fighting beyond Chefoo, if it is drastically and effectively terminated by a Nationalistic victory may be a blessing in disguise, since it will go far to convince Japan and other interested nations that, struggling against terrific odds, as it is, the party is on the right road toward a truly united and coherent China.

THE HURRAH EXPRESS

PART of the disaffection between Europe and America has expressed itself in the formula of a cultural contrast. When Ambassador Schurman denied, on Washington's Birthday, that Americans "seek the dollar only" he was attacking a conviction which numberless Germans have come to entertain. Nor is this point of view a Teutonic monopoly. Ask almost any intelligent foreigner resident in this country for his opinion, and you will discover that the United States is headed for "world supremacy" in a spirit of complete disregard for everything excepting "results." Of course this belief is not altogether new. In past times the "merchant mentality" was generally attributed to the Anglo-Saxon; and since he established the national outlook which grew out of thirteen colonies, it was only natural that his mercantile characteristics should be preserved, as it were, in intellectual alcohol. Now that we are actually flourishing and sending rather indiscriminate batches of tourists abroad regularly, the feeling that Europe has been outbargained engenders considerable bitterness.

Normally the old world writes better and thinks more clearly than the new. Accordingly there is real danger lest we become wholly disgusted with ourselves, by reason of the attacks which somehow get themselves into the best-seller class. The most vigilant reaction to date has come from Dr. Charles Beard, who first champions "technological civilization" and secondly admits cheerfully that America is "ahead of the field." In an article written for the current number of Harper's Magazine he returns to the charge, specifying that across the water, as here, "capitalism marches swiftly over prostrate agriculture, and the machine rolls ruthlessly over the craftsmen." Everywhere the old order is giving way to the new; and the only important question is what adjustment to the new conditions ought to be termed best. Dr. Beard is outspoken: "Is a mechanic in Ford's factory who works overtime so that he can buy his wife a washing machine less idealistic than an Italian artisan who whiles away his afternoons with a lute, leaving his wife to break her knees washing clothes on the stones of a neighboring brook?" The question involves a great deal. Is the altruism which seeks to create greater comfort through the acquisition of a modern machine superior to the altruism which forgets others in doing chores for the less materialistic ambitions of the human race?

It may be admitted that no people has ever debated this problem more vigorously than the English, from whom the bent of the United States mind is largely derived. Their poets and thinkers in number have seen that the point is basically whether one shall concede the superiority of action over contemplation. Are the "yes men"—from Bacon through Macaulay to Sir Ernest Benn—right in thinking that the world can be remade into an expression of greatest happiness through the application of ideas to mechanical forces? Or shall we say that the "no men"—from Richard Rolle through Keats to Mr. Chesterton—are correct in declaring that "the most important and practical thing about a man is still his view of the universe," and that such a view is preëminently a mystical acquisition? Before answering, it may be well to bear in mind that the question has seldom been more earnestly discussed than in the United States, where Emerson, Thoreau and Father Hecker have passed the negative response on to a host of disciples.

Europe has no monopoly of contemplative energy; America is not the first or only apostle of action. Dr. Beard is right in declaring that the problem of choice between the two is now universal. The German Centrist, Dr. Dessauer, has written one of the most glowing of all tributes to "technological civilization"; and there are at least a dozen contemporary Americans who try earnestly to denounce it. One thing must nevertheless be said for Europe. Whatever its present difficulties and shortcomings may be, its civilization was cast into a mold which incorporated a conscious preference for contemplative living. From the Hebraic Sabbath to the Catacombs, from the Greek academies to chivalry, western men carried their affection for the things which the moth does not consume bravely forward. This is the state of mind—the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cadre—into which all surviving beauty was cast. Were Europe to change its mind radically, to admit that a washing machine is really the finest token of spiritual idealism, it would, in a measure, cease to exist. When we are honest we do not want it to change. For all our cigars and steam shovels, we should be desolate beyond measure if the old horizons fell.

The American mind as a whole is not contemplative. Despite the Pilgrim Fathers, the Irish exiles and the German revolutionists, our country has been settled by folks bent on earning something and has been dominated by a pragmatist philosophy. This fact became a little more evident after the decline of Boston idealism, but it was there at least as early as Franklin. In so far as earning something is not the highest conceivable function of man, in so far as the pragmatist is disappointingly superficial, we cannot be wholly satisfied with our civilization, and our best minds have expressed that lack of satisfaction. It is clear, therefore, how far we are from the privilege of dispensing with Europe, as either a reality or an example. On the other hand, our relative success in solving political and economic problems must eventually teach Europe that its intensely nationalized and fractionized social practice, based upon ipse dixits and theories as impracticable as outmoded systems of bookkeeping, needs to be corrected. There is, we think, every reason for coöperation—and no reason for picking quarrels over inevitable contrasts. What greater harm could chauvinism accomplish than to lock varied cultures into rock-ribbed vaults?

THE DISAPPEARING ORATOR

GOVERNMENTS and organizations are for the fourth time united in the promotion of an international oratorical contest as a means of encouraging high school youths in their aspirations to be great speakers. Twenty-one nations have combined to hold regional and national eliminations, and the prize-winner of each nation will go to Washington in October to enter the final competition. In America the subject has been judiciously selected, since a preliminary to an oration on the constitution must be an intensive study of that much-amended document. It is in line with this study—which is creating a surprising demand for books on historical, oratorical and constitutional themes, according to many public and school librarians—that the greatest good is likely to come. Although the contest may develop some speakers, it will in all probability do more to call attention to the paucity of genuine orators in this age than to produce them.

One need but consider briefly the verbal wastage in our legislative halls, in our national election campaigns, in our banqueting rooms, in our pulpits or our public debates, in order to realize that America possesses few exponents of the fast-disappearing art of oratory. This is a curious fact today, when new thousands find themselves with an audience waiting for their spoken word. Indeed he is a rare man who lives the normal span without once indulging in speech-making. Nor is the pastime peculiar to the male. But speech-makers are very different from orators, and what the world has lost from the ranks of one it has gained in the ranks of the other. Perhaps it is as well that the orator is almost a thing of the past. As his species becomes rarer, the master orator will become greater, his words more eagerly heard, his message more responsively received. He will prune the sonorous but meaningless phrase, the orotund but falsely conceived passage, the platitudinous appeal to easily aroused emotions, the grandiloquent peroration. He will clothe worthwhile and logical thought in garments of fine word-texture, and by reason applied to eloquence will sway his listeners in accord with well-understood purpose.

It is because he does not do these things today that the would-be orator has fallen to such a parlous state. Indeed, despite the libraries crowded with constitution-cramming adolescents, there is little ambition to be an orator. Demosthenes, hurling long periods at the ocean through a pebble-filled mouth, may have been regarded by his own generation as an eccentric; in 1929 he would more probably be lodged in a psychiatric ward. The present lack of interest is doubtless due to many causes. Of primary importance is the unsatisfied demand for clear-cut thought and logical exposition. A Cross of Gold oration would not now create one-tenth the excitement it did thirty years ago. We have grown away from the exclusively emotional appeal—not that we are less emotional, but that a more intimate touch with current affairs, fostered by numerous agencies peculiar to the twentieth century, has made us more immune to oratorical tricks. It has made the height of the truly great orator more difficult of attainment; and moderns, accustomed to measure achievement not so much by effort expended as by net compensation, are too busy (or too lazy) to seek it. And, paradoxically perhaps, those who resort most to the present-day mode of delivery frequently progress furthest from the true ideals of oratory. A multiplicity of demands falls on the voice of the public man, and in order to meet them he either employs the time-saving device of committing one speech to memory for numerous repetitions or else ceases to be a speaker and emerges as a reader.

However, these are facts which bear their own good. They are at least instrumental in promoting a more universal observance of that advice Hamlet gave the players, to "speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the towncrier spoke my lines." Clearness of enunciation and purity of diction are objectives which are sought by more thousands today than ever before. And the establishment of oratorical competitions becomes an important contribution to that end.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WOMEN IN CONGRESS

By GEORGE E. ANDERSON

TEN years or so ago, when the suffrage movement had attained a certain degree of success in most of the states of the union, Jeanette Rankin, of Missoula, Montana, who had been active in the movement in the northwestern states, was elected Congresswoman at Large from Montana to the Sixty-fifth Congress. Miss Rankin took her seat, served very creditably for the two years of her term, and quit. Miss Rankin's election and service were considered as a novelty, something of a sport product of the new order inaugurated by the entry of women into political life; and it was thought that any considerable continued membership in the national legislature by women was unlikely.

The political wiseacres were correct in their belief that women's presence in Congress as a phase of the suffrage movement was not likely to be permanent, for with the completion of Miss Rankin's term the militant feature of the matter disappeared and women's membership in Congress ceased for the time being. Later a new factor entered the situation, a more effective factor because it was founded upon the broad basis of general suffrage as distinct from women's suffrage, and also because the element of practical experience in legislative matters was brought into consideration.

On January 23, 1923, Mae E. Nolan was elected a Representative in Congress from the Fifth District of California to succeed her husband who had died a few weeks previously. She was elected to fill out the unexpired portion of his term as Representative in the Sixty-seventh Congress, and also for a full term in the Sixty-eighth. Mrs. Nolan was elected partly as a compliment to her deceased husband, partly on account of her own abilities, and partly because it was good politics to recognize the claims of women voters. She served her two terms and then dropped out of congressional life. Almost exactly a year later, California sent another woman representative to Washington under the same circumstances. During the winter session of Congress in 1924-1925, Julius Kahn, Representative from the Fourth District in California (one of the San Francisco districts) died while in office and his widow, Florence P. Kahn, was elected to fill the unexpired portion of his term. A few months later John Jacob Rogers, Representative from the Fifth Massachusetts District, also died in office and his widow, Edith Nourse Rogers, was elected to fill his unexpired term.

These elections of the widows of deceased congressmen were regarded at the time as somewhat temporary. However, when the election of 1926 came around, both Mrs. Kahn and Mrs. Rogers were re-elected for the regular term, and at the same time Mrs. Mary T. Norton, who had for some time been prominent in the politics of the Twelfth (or Jersey City) District of New Jersey, was elected without the introduction of an unexpired term in the family—and Mrs. Norton was a Democrat! Later in the same Congress, Katherine Langley, wife of John W. Langley, Representative from the Tenth District of Kentucky, was elected to fill the unexpired term of her husband, who had lost his seat as a result of a clash with the prohibition law. In the closing months of this same Congress, Fannie Pearl Oldfield, widow of the late Representative William P. Oldfield of Arkansas, Democratic whip in the House of Representatives, was chosen to fill out the unexpired term of her husband, who had died shortly before the last session of this Congress was to meet. She was also elected a member of the Seventy-first Congress. The other four women members of the Seventieth Congress—Mrs. Kahn, Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. Norton and Mrs. Langley—were elected to the Seventy-first Congress, and with them were elected Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick, widow of the former senator from Illinois; Mrs. Ruth Baker Pratt of New York, the first woman to be elected a member of the Board of Aldermen in New York City; and Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen, of Florida, daughter of the late William Jennings Bryan. Instead of being a more or less temporary or uncertain turn of affairs in American womanhood, therefore, the movement has become permanent, with every indication of constantly increasing strength.

The personalities of these women naturally are interesting. Moreover, they are in some respects significant. All of them are or have been married. Five of them are widows—Mrs. McCormick being the widow of a former member of the Senate, and Mrs. Owen the widow of a former British army officer. All of them have had more or less connection with politics, but only two of them, Mrs. Pratt and Mrs. Norton, may be said to have established their political position solely in their own right. They range in age from the comparatively youthful Mrs. Owen to the more mature Mrs. Kahn and Mrs. Norton. They range in residence from Massachusetts to Florida and California; curiously enough, the northwestern and mountain states, whence came the first congresswoman and where women first exercised the right of suffrage and have been rather more prominent in politics than in other parts of the country, are not represented. Five of these Congresswomen have reared or are rearing families. All of them but three—Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Owen and Mrs. Oldfield—are Republicans; and political reporters claim that Mrs. Owen owes her election largely to a canny but decidedly un-Bryan Democratic doctrine of a higher tariff for the protec-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion of Florida grapefruit and oranges. Unquestionably sentiment has had much to do with election of some of these women; but subsequent and repeated reëlections can be accounted for only by the fact that they were found to be efficient members of the House, as indeed they promised to be from the first. Sentiment in such cases hardly lasts through more than one session; efficiency and good politics can be counted upon to carry them further.

Indeed it was the efficiency of the first members of this legislative galaxy which gave encouragement to the candidacies of the later members. Mrs. McCormick has had political and legislative training which has fallen to the lot of few women. As daughter and secretary of the great Senator Mark Hanna, of Ohio, she was given, during her young womanhood, a political training and an insight into politics and practical legislation possessed by few men, and this experience was extended by the service of her late husband, Medill McCormick, as Senator from Illinois. Mrs. Pratt has had the rather unique experience of practical service as the first woman Alderman in the city of Greater New York, and has acquired an acquaintance with men and things which gives her more than an even start in her new office. As the daughter of the "peerless leader" of the nation's Democracy, Mrs. Owen has acquired an acquaintance with the leaders of political thought and life in the country, especially in the Democratic party, which will be a great asset. All of these women are more or less accustomed to life in Washington, to the intricacies of politics and the practical machinery of government. Either because of their connection with local politics through their husbands or by reason of other public activities, all of them are in close touch with the affairs of the constituencies which they represent. In other words, none of them is a novice in the game of politics or practical government. All of them base their tenure of office upon their ability to serve the people who elected them.

It is only natural, perhaps, that the first inquiry as to the great change represented by the election of women to Congress should be in regard to the results. Candor compels the reply that there have been no momentous results thus far. These women have taken their places in Congress and without exception have proved themselves acceptable, industrious, useful and more or less able members. But their influence upon legislation has been almost entirely that of other conscientious, industrious and more or less able members. When women first sought a part in the legislative activities of several of the states and in the nation, it was commonly argued that they would provide a propelling force for the various lines of legislation sought for the benefit of women and children, for uplift and reform and what-not. Almost without exception the women who have entered Congress, as well as those—nearly two hundred in number—who have entered the legislatures of the several states, have worked and voted for legislation of this class; but on the whole it is doubtful if they have been any more active in this line than a large majority of their male colleagues. The fact is that ever since women have exercised the suffrage—and indeed for some time previous to their obtaining it—Congress and the several legislatures have been extremely and tenderly solicitous as to the welfare of women and children and of all measures to which women on the whole have given their support; and as each election has come and gone since that time, they have become more solicitous. In short, whatever progress has been made along the lines especially favored by women has been due to the ballot rather than to the presence of women in legislative halls.

It is inevitable that this should be the case. A member of Congress, whether man or woman, is responsible for the legislative interests of the district he or she serves, representing men as well as women, business as well as reform, a political party as well as social agencies. The result is that, in the practical work of legislation, a woman member of Congress finds herself associated with or pitted against men and women similarly representing group interests. She finds that her constituents naturally and rightfully expect her to care for their business interests in exactly the same manner in which they would be cared for by a man. Accordingly, legislation for women becomes no more important to most women members of Congress than legislation for men. They become immersed perforce in the general problems of the country and of their respective districts. While in theory a woman member appealed to women voters, in practice she appeals to men voters as well, and since men are usually more active in politics than their wives and daughters, practical politics have dictated that the major attention be given to those matters which appeal to men. Her fellow-women outside of Congress may continue to assert the value of women's idealism in national affairs; others may hold forth on the need of womanly purity of thought in national legislation and in national politics; and with all this she agrees. But a woman in Congress soon realizes that the congressional game must be played according to certain rules in which general theorizing has little part. Legislation is a very practical matter and must be handled in a very practical way. Nor does she lose any of her womanliness in meeting conditions as they are rather than as they might be.

A successful legislative career is largely a matter of personality. In their personal contacts in Congress, women representatives are treated with all the gallantry, courtesy and respect that is due them as women. But in the actual work of legislation their influence is affected very little by their sex. It is measured by their ability and experience, and that personal quality which has influenced both men and women in all ages and in all walks of life. Being one of a comparatively small number of women members gives a congress-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

woman a certain prominence which often is of value, and in most cases certainly more than balances that lack of more general contact with other members of Congress which men freely enjoy. But in the final analysis it is her ability, personality and hard work which produce real results.

It is probable that women's membership in the legislative assembly of the nation has been established as a permanent feature of our national life. The final test in the matter is the nature of the service women can give in such a position. There can hardly be any further novelty in such membership; and while the political recognition of women may effect their nomination and election in some instances, it can hardly be under any other conditions or circumstances than those which suggest the recognition of other elements among the voters of the nation, or wherein at least a certain prominence in politics has demonstrated a fair degree of fitness for the service. Experience so far has proved the fallacy of the expectation that women can or should be elected members of Congress for the purpose of advancing any special interest of women, children or anybody or anything else. Congresswomen have served most acceptably and most successfully when they have eliminated the matter of sex so far as possible, and have based their work upon exactly the same premises as the work of other members of Congress. Their permanence as a national institution depends entirely upon what they accomplish on that basis.

SIR BERTRAM WINDLE

By JAMES J. WALSH

IT IS only ten years since Sir Bertram Windle transferred the field of his activities from Ireland to Canada, but during that short space he came to be looked upon as one of our most distinguished scholars in science. While he was known best for his work in anthropology he was no narrow specialist, but on the contrary a man of very broad interests, with a scholarly background that enabled him to appreciate the scientific problems of our time all the better because he knew so much more than science. He was professor of ethnology at the University of Toronto and of anthropology in St. Michael's College, which is affiliated with it. His popular lectures in connection with the university drew larger and larger audiences from year to year because the scholarliness of the man was impressive and his mode of approach to his subjects very attractive. Canada has suffered a distinct loss in his death, and those of us in the United States who had the privilege of knowing him appreciate the fact that a distinguished scholar has left us whose power of thinking and of expression gave him a place in the scientific world of our day.

Professor Windle came to America after a varied and successful career in Great Britain. His father was a clergyman of the Established Church—the vicar of Mayfield Staffs in England. Though his name came to be so well known in connection with Irish education, Sir Bertram was born in England. His mother was Irish, the daughter of Sir Josiah Coghill and the granddaughter of Charles Kendall Bush who was for some time Lord Chief Justice of Ireland. It is not surprising, under the circumstances, that young Windle was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and received the degree of Doctor of Medicine there. He went over to England to pursue some graduate work in the medical sciences and was chosen professor of anatomy and dean of the faculty of medicine at the University of Birmingham. His original research in science was recognized by his election as a Fellow of the Royal Society of England in 1900. Not long after this, mainly as the result of learning from the history of science that the Catholic Church, so far from being an opponent to the development of science, has been a patron of it, he became a convert. Needless to say this conversion of a man who was looked upon as one of the original scientific workers of his day attracted no little attention.

In 1904 he was elected president of the University of Cork—one of the Queen's Universities founded for the benefit of the Irish at Belfast, Dublin, Galway and Cork about the beginning of the twentieth century. Professor Windle continued to occupy the position of president of Cork University for some fifteen years, until he came to America in 1919. During his years in Ireland, he came to have an important position in the educational world, and was especially looked up to for what he accomplished in the department of science. He was elected Commissioner of Intermediate Education. His progressive spirit will probably be best appreciated from the fact that he was the first to establish a course in Great Britain leading to a degree in journalism. Indeed, what he did in this matter represented one of the pioneer efforts in the university training of journalists anywhere in the world.

Professor Windle was a man of large breadth of intellectual interests as well as of great facility of expression, so it is not surprising to find him the author of a number of books on varying subjects. His professorship in anatomy led him to write on The Proportions of the Human Body, as well as other contributions to anatomical science. He also wrote volumes on The Wessex of Thomas Hardy, The Malvern Country, and Shakespeare's Country. He also published Who's Who in the Oxford Movement. In 1906, not long after his conversion, he delivered a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lecture upon The Secret of the Cell, as one of the Westminster lectures for that year in the hall of Westminster Cathedral. This was subsequently expanded into an octavo of 150 pages with the title What Is Life? and the secondary title, A Study of Vitalism and Neo-Vitalism. This was one of the Expository Essays in Christian Philosophy edited by the Reverend Francis Aveling, D.D. Another volume from his pen was that on The Church and Science.

Professor Windle's breadth of reading is illustrated by his choice of mottoes for his books. For instance, The Church and Science bears the motto:

> Scientia sine caritate inflat; caritas sine scientia aberrat; scientia cum caritate aedificat.—Science without charity inflates; charity without science leads astray; science with charity lifts us up.

The book on What Is Life? has the motto:

> Pulchra quae videntur, pulchriora quae existimantur, longe pulcherrima quae ignorantur.—Beautiful the things that are seen, still more beautiful the things that are thought, but by far the most beautiful the things that are not known as yet.

From his Irish mother, and perhaps also from his Irish experiences, Sir Bertram acquired an exquisite sense of humor. This often came out very interestingly in his lectures. There is a striking illustration of it in The Romans in Britain, now separately published, originally one of the series of lectures delivered to public audiences at the University of Toronto. He was comparing the Roman conquest of Britain and the maintenance of Roman government there with the British conquest of India and the maintenance of British rule in Hindustan. Rome gained Britain by the sword and Britain gained India by the sword, and Professor Windle brought out the fact that both of them excused themselves for their doings in a very similar way:

> Britain was far, far better off under orderly Roman government than under the irregular sway of the chiefs of the Celtic tribes who, be it remembered, had imposed themselves on the earlier occupants of the island. And few doubt what would happen in India if the British hand were taken off.

He asks, however, if this benefit for the conquered justifies the conqueror; his putting of the question must have evoked a pleasant smile from his auditors and it came very early in his lecture:

> The ethical question as to whether one nation may subdue another for the good of the subdued is not one that can be entered into here. It is understood that the ex-kaiser and his following were of opinion that Europe would be the better for firm, German treatment; indeed that such was the necessary preliminary to the millenium. But the opinion is open to doubt.

Professor Windle's scholarship enabled him to illustrate passages in his lectures by apposite quotations from the classic writers. For instance, as regards the Roman conquest of Britain and the English conquest of India he quotes Cicero's apology for the conquest of the East: "Let Asia consider (no doubt he would have said the same about Britain or any other possession) that no calamity of foreign war or intestinal discord would have been wanting to her if she were not protected by the empire." Sir Bertram comments on this Ciceronian sentence, "It might be a passage from any address by any governor general of India." At another part of the lectures on The Romans in Britain, Sir Bertram refers to the encouragement by the Roman emperors of the building of public structures of considerable size and stateliness in Britain and their patronage of the diffusion of Latin speech and civilization among the people, and quotes Tacitus who commented so acidly upon it: "All this the Britons called civilization, when it was but part of their servitude."

A great deal of time in the years after his conversion were devoted to making clear the position of the Catholic Church in its relation to science. His last published book (with the exception of a volume on Evolution) was one for the Calvert series on The Catholic Church and Its Reactions With Science. In this he emphasizes particularly the fact that President Andrew D. White's book, The Warfare of Theology with Science, is probably the most unscholarly book that ever came from the pen of an American university president, though American university presidents have sometimes been known to get very far from scholarship. When I suggested to him once that President White had been the first layman ever chosen to be the president of a college in this country (for we had no universities in those days) and that the Protestant clergy of the time resented it very much and deprecated this poaching on what they considered their preserves, and that President White's response to their bitter intolerance in the matter was his volume on Religion and Science, Professor Windle understood the situation better. President White's book was not a volume of contribution to knowledge, but only a series of pamphlets loosely bound together in a controversy over the right of colleges to have secular presidents.

Professor Windle's devotion to the Church was well known. Toward the end of his volume in the Calvert Series he emphasized the fact that the Catholic doctrine of the universe is the only one that holds good. Only the creative impulse explains the origin of life. He said:

> There is no other intelligible answer known to me. "That is mysticism," I suppose will be the response. Well, have it so, but please explain the thing unmystically. . . . Turn which way you will, the Catholic explanation does not sin against science and against common sense as the materialistic explanation does.

Requiescat in pace!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHAT SHALL THE FAITHFUL SING?

By CUTHBERT WRIGHT

While we are naturally unwilling to commit ourselves to all of the ideas which are advanced in the accompanying article, we feel that Mr. Wright has contrived to discuss an important topic judiciously and suggestively. Music, as a servant of liturgical worship, is far from having reached the perfection so desirable. No doubt that is in great measure due to practical circumstances; and we shall welcome comment both on the present paper and on the subject in general. Mr. Wright wishes us to say that his remarks are dedicated to the Reverend Vincent Donovan, O.P.—The Editors.

IN PRESENTING a theory long studied and logically worked out, it is sometimes the practice of a writer to illustrate his point at the start by a sharp antithesis. For example, the Catholic lover of sacred music might conceivably commence an article of this sort by presenting two contrasted pictures, one the conventual Mass of the Benedictine nuns on the Rue Monsieur in Paris, with its more than mediaeval coloring and the sweet austerity of its chant; the other, some big church in this country with the loud strains of Mozart's Twelfth, or some modern and equally appropriate arrangement, floating through the gaudy windows. Such contrasts were sometimes the habit of the vivid French writer Huysmans in dealing with the liturgy. "On one side," the liturgical enthusiast seems to say, "on one side is the religious and musical ideal; on the other the abominable reality!"

Such a pair of abruptly contrasted impressions here would defeat the purpose of this article. We can all deplore the musical abuses which still cling to many churches twenty-five years after the Motu Proprio of Pius X. We all know the obvious remedies which have been repeatedly dealt with by the Guild of Saint Gregory, an organization which has done fine work in leading the way to desired reforms. Many abuses have, as a matter of fact, been suppressed or corrected in such diocesan centres as Baltimore, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Rochester and several districts of the Middle-West. The contrast we would draw here is not that between perfection and ignominy, but rather between two types of liturgical service. Huysmans and his school (for really in this respect he has founded a school) would immediately demand with exasperation how there can be more than one type of liturgical service. Let us see.

I like to recall an open air Mass on the grounds of the Religious of the Sacred Heart in New York near Riverside Drive. In the centre of the splendid park stood the altar, and toward it across the clipped lawns came the procession of little servers in scarlet and lace, followed by the European bishop, just returned from the Eucharistic Congress, who was to sing the Mass. The thin blue coils of incense floated upward in the spring-like air and seemed to curl among the boughs of the trees. The children from Mrs. Ward's school stood beside the altar and sang the longing Mass of the Angels, composed so many centuries before a stone of New York was erected. Not a scrap of modern music or organ accompaniment was heard through the entire enchanted hour. It was a well-nigh perfect realization of the dream of Pius X twenty-five years before. It was a miracle of simple piety and enduring art.

Another picture. It is any Sunday morning in a well-known parish of the same city. Solemn Mass here is always celebrated with the utmost stateliness, science and care. "Tout est sobre, magnifique, recuèillé," a French priest has written of this church. The noble semicircle of the Romanesque chancel is filled with the black vestments, the white childish faces of a famous sanctuary choir. The Common of the Mass is by Palestrina or Terry or Gounod—names elude me for I have no repertory of this choir. At all events the bulk of the music is either polyphonic or modern, and the modern predominates. Yet the net effect on the hearer is almost identical with that carried away from the open air ceremony within sight of the sparkling waters of the Hudson that midsummer morning in 1926. Certainly no one can assert that no progress has been made here since 1903.

Now there are any number of good people who criticize the second ceremony on the ground that it is insufficiently liturgical. We are all familiar with this type of critic. Sometimes found in the organ-loft, he is to be sought more frequently among the more aesthetic ranks of the faithful. Perhaps he has never read the Motu Proprio, but one can be sure that he has read Huysmans. While abroad he may sniff at the Brompton Oratory, but he has probably visited Solesmes. He may despair volubly of progress and reform in his own Church, but he studies fervently the transcriptions of Dr. Davison, and those of the Anglican Canon Douglas. In a word, he is considerably more Catholic than the Pope. Everything is suspect to him that is not shot through with the fine, dry light of the strictest Benedictine archaeology. Gounod indeed! Listen to Huysmans on this Catholic composer, once regarded as a reformer: "The natural chastity of children's voices is violated by forcing them down such dark alley-ways of music." How does the reader like that metaphor? Ratisbon is almost as deeply tinctured with heresy as a Lutheran chorale. As for polyphonic chant, harmonized plainsong?—On the theory that near relations sometimes detest each other most of all, the reformer in question reserves his most impassioned anathemas for harmonized chant, and would almost prefer, I think, a re-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

introduction of Beautiful Isle of Somewhere in the sanctuary. One can only imagine his indignation at the perfectly modern music which accompanied the parochial Mass described above.

Perhaps I ought to explain (with apologies for having to use so much the first person singular) that I have a great love and devotion for Gregorian chant. In a way I was brought up on it. As a boy I attended a church where, save for the Offertory motets and processional hymns, they sang scarcely anything else. I believe with Father Reardon of Canada that it has a profoundly civilizing and, I could almost add, sacramental influence, that it is a literal means of grace. I believe this because I have felt it. To a degree, I can share the bewildered indignation of the musical reformer. It seems to me strange that after twenty-five years of the Motu Proprio, such churches as the one I attended should still be the rare exception, not the general rule. When one thinks of that storehouse of divine melodies—the Missa de Angelis, Cum Jubilo, Orbis Factor, the Requiem; of that treasury of themes —the Benedicamus for Advent and Lent; the triumphant Introit for Christmas; the Ite for Easter with its crystalline alleluias; the Song of Simeon; the Vexila Regis of Prudentius; the lovely Regina Coeli; the noble Convertere Jerusalem at Tenebrae; the touching In Manus Tuas at Compline with its variations; of so many marvelous Masses, motets, versicles, musical moments of the purest beauty—one is stupefied by the sheer absence of ear, of artistic insight, nay of common piety, which must be responsible for the neglect and mishandling of them.

But I am, I hope, no aesthete in these matters, and no formalist. One must recognize with the writer of the Fehring report that, after the people who ignore and despise it, Gregorian chant has no greater foes than the fanatics who wage a sort of holy war to thrust it down everybody's throat in the form of a particular and monastic technique. Consider the question first from the human, the lay point of view. Music, after all, like painting and literature, is an art subject to infinite variations and an uncalculable development. Naturally there must be standards applied to sacred music, and what these standards are can best be learned by reading the Motu Proprio; but there can be no absolute act of uniformity applied to the music of the Church. Were I a choir director, I think I should pride myself on the literal catholicity of my repertory rather than on a rigid conformity to the regula of Solesmes; and my criticism of the great sanctuary choir mentioned above is not that it sings Father———'s setting of the Vidi Aquam, but simply that it evidently rates Father——— higher than the traditional air, since it never sings the latter at all. The remedy is obvious. Sing them both.

Finally, there is the essential and religious point of view. In the professional war between traditionalist and modernist, both tend to forget that sacred music, however devotional, is not the liturgy but an accessory to the liturgy, particularly the Holy Mass. In a periodical of this sort it is unnecessary to explain the all-importance of the latter. Saint Leonard of Port Maurice has done it better than anyone:

> The celebrant is not alone in his august function, since all who assist with him at Mass unite in offering the Sacrifice; and therefore he turns to the people and says: "Pray, brethren, that your Sacrifice and mine may be acceptable to God." Hence when you assist at Mass, you perform, in a certain manner, the office of a priest.

In writing this, Saint Leonard was assuredly not advocating by implication "congregational singing" (an overstressed point) but he was concentrating his reader's attention upon the awful dignity of the act which is of necessity the most important in a Catholic's daily life. But suppose, when all is prepared and the priest stands robed before the altar, saying in a low voice: "I will go unto the altar of God, of God Who giveth joy to my youth"—at the same moment the organ strikes up a kind of jolly hornpipe that would hardly be out of place in a circus, with tremulants and vox humana and bell-accompaniment that transport one immediately to the atmosphere of the Paramount orchestra? It is evidently not to the greater glory of God. It was to correct such devices that Pius X issued the Motu Proprio, and a careful reading of that document will convince one that its object was not to exalt Gregorian chant over all modern music, nor Solesmes over Ratisbon, nor Palestrina over Gounod, but simply to exalt the honor of the Church, and the arts of the Church, and above all the prostration of the human creature before the stupendous sacrament of Christ's love.

We can all admit that and stand behind it. In a spirit of understanding and tolerance, we can still fight to prevent the liturgy (and this means Vespers and Compline as well as Holy Mass) from being swamped by a sickly horde of catchpenny American monkeyshines which do not even merit the name of "popular devotion." It does not mean that we are aesthetes, "morphinomanes de l'office," or traditionalists, or fanatics, or anything of the sort. In matters of art the Catholic Church is the natural inheritor of other centuries besides the middle-ages. And the melodic suavity, the religious insight, the gift of tears in a Gounod, is perhaps as pleasing to God as the anonymous ecstasy which produced plainchant. In this as in many other things, religious sincerity in a Catholic sense is the principal criterion.

The movement for the beatification of Pius X is already under way. Many of us cherish already for that noble Pontiff the love and veneration paid to one of the saints commemorated in the liturgy. And we know that the honor of the liturgy and of sacred music was a cause very close to his heart. "To restore all things in Christ" was the motto of his Pontificate. Let us in keeping with his words, so void of rigorism, do our best to make good his intention.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEWEST WEAPON

By PAUL BROWN

MILITARY changes occur slowly, always as the result of inevitable necessity. For centuries there was no alteration in the nomenclature of armies. They consisted of infantry, cavalry and artillery, together with the necessary supporting organizations. That division of the military is no longer effective. Cavalry became obsolete in the past decade, to be superseded by aviation, which can perform its functions—scouting and raiding—so much better. Infantry has maintained its age-old usefulness and adaptability, while the artillery has assumed new importance. But there is now a fourth arm which must be recognized in great military organizations—chemical warfare.

It had its genesis during the world war when the great German industrial chemists prevailed upon the general staff to use gas to increase the effectiveness of offensive maneuvers against the opposing forces. On April 22, 1915, a cloud of gas was released against mixed French and British troops at Ypres with remarkable effects, for the immediate casualties amounted to at least 75 percent of the exposed troops. Despite the fact that they had been banned by previous international agreement, chemicals had made their début into actual warfare. They were used by both sides, in increasing amounts and with increasing effectiveness, for the rest of the war.

This use of chemicals in war is permanent. There are many reasons, industrial, economic and military, for this fact, but it is probable that the basic one is that in the employment of a cloud of gas—which is inescapable—man has found the first weapon with which he can "shoot around a stump."

Another certain reason is that, contrary to uninformed opinion, it is a humane method of conducting war, if any method can be so considered. The usual results of exposure to gas are temporary, with subsequent complete recovery. Fatalities are rare. That cannot be said of any other offensive or defensive weapon or agency.

No more conclusive demonstration of the humane quality of gas can be obtained than that which is furnished by the experiences of our own expeditionary force. Enemy chemical warfare accounted for approximately 70,000 casualties, about 6 percent of the whole number exposed. Rifle and machine-gun fire, the latter of which is especially regarded with horror, resulted in combined casualties of but 1½ percent. High explosive compounds employed in various ways, but particularly in shells, produced essentially the same percentage of disablements. Shrapnel fire caused approximately 3 percent of the casualties, while only about one-half of one percent were produced by trench knives and bayonets combined.

Gas was quite evidently the most effective weapon, as it accounted for about the same number of casualties as all other weapons combined. But 30 percent of the casualties from all sources were fatal, while only about 1½ percent of gas casualties resulted in death. If gas discipline had compared at all times with fire discipline, especially at the introduction of chemical warfare, the percentage of fatalities would have been even less—probably much less.

"Poison gas" is the term usually used to refer to the gases used in warfare, but it is entirely incorrect. The gases liberated in the effective zone of hostilities are of many different kinds and each kind is calculated to produce a different effect. To be sure, there is a poison gas—a whole class of them, to be exact—which is intended to produce instant death. It is ironic that it should be of doubtful value. Gases of this kind are called the toxic gases, that most commonly used being prussic, or hydrocyanic acid gas. The difficulty in its use, which was surmounted only rarely, was in obtaining a sufficient concentration of the gas to produce the desired effect. Using it was very much like bull's-eye-or-miss target shooting; if the enemy was not killed almost instantly, he promptly recovered from the exposure with no ill effects.

The most popular gases were the asphyxiating compounds, that most commonly used at first during the war being chlorine. It was this gas which the Germans liberated at Ypres, but it was soon supplanted by several others, phosgene being preferred. This gas, especially when the air was moist, hugged the surface of the ground and was disseminated over great areas, maintaining a concentration while doing so which seemed to be effective at all times. It could be combined readily with clouds of smoke to conceal its presence, without loss or impairment of its own qualities; and it produced an effect in the exposed soldier which removed him from possible hostilities for a considerable time.

Lachrymatory gases were also used. They had for their purpose the rendering of the enemy temporarily hors de combat by inducing violent weeping and attendant blindness until the effects of the gas wore off. This completely destroyed the possibility of resistance, eliminating the soldier as surely as though he had been killed.

Arsenical compounds were employed likewise. They are generally considered as sternutatory gases—that is, it is expected that they will compel uncontrollable fits of sneezing (and they do) by causing a distressing irritation of the throat, the nasal passages and the pulmonary tract generally. They may be regarded as toxic as well, for the after effects of arsenic poisoning are usually present, although death does not neces-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sarily result, particularly if removal and treatment are prompt.

There was only one other general class of gas used; the vesicant compounds. These were gases which burned and blistered, and they affected the exposed skin as well as the lungs. Masks safeguarded the pulmonary viscera, but clothing did not protect the skin. The well-known mustard gas was the most common of these and was most popular as an offensive weapon with everybody, for it embraced all the best features desired in a gas. It was exceedingly persistent, to start with. When an area was covered with mustard gas it was unsafe for a considerable time, often for weeks, as the gas remained where it had been put and retained its effectiveness. It was also penetrating. There was no escape from it. Even when masks were worn, the skin of the body was always attacked—quickly attacked if it was moist with either sweat or rain, which was usually the case. This gas fitted admirably into the modern conception of removing effective men from battle without necessarily killing them to accomplish that removal.

Originally chemical warfare included only the use of gas, considered, transported and used as a gas. However it was a rather unstable war agency, and research promptly resulted in the reduction of gas to both liquid and solid forms. This change made it possible to deliver it in considerable bulk to its ultimate objective by new methods—artillery shells and special projectiles devised for that particular purpose.

The Livens projector, invented by a lieutenant in the British army, was one of the most efficient devices, and all others were essential modifications of it. It consisted of a metal cylinder closed at one end, fitted with arrangements to accommodate a small charge of explosive for propulsion of the gas container, and a large container of gas which nearly filled the cylinder, about eighteen inches in length by seven or eight inches in diameter. These projectors were generally used in masses and could deliver a tremendous quantity of gas at any nearby point with most excellent effect.

Smoke is as important in chemical warfare as gas, although it is practically harmless in itself. Its value lies in the ease with which an effective screen can be made with it—a screen to conceal the movement of troops or to hide the fact that gas is being released at the same time. Most of the smokes are produced from compounds with a phosporous base, and they generally have a distinct odor of their own which might conceal the presence of a gas of slight odor but great effectiveness. During the war, a cloud of smoke was always regarded as a cloud of gas until it was definitely proved not to be. This made it possible to use smoke to compel protection against gas more or less constantly, for no one could tell when the cloud might consist of both elements.

The other major activity of the chemical warfare service is the handling and use of incendiary compounds. At first it was generally thought that these would be of great importance, and the flame throwers were regarded as terrible weapons. However, it was soon ascertained that cool and calm machine-gun fire effectively removed the danger of flame-throwing devices, for they always had to be operated by men immediately behind them.

Despite the tremendous strides which were made in chemical warfare, it is still an infant. Tactical problems actually encountered in the field have yet to be solved and defenses perfected to a very considerable extent. It is in the defense from gas and its allied agencies that the uncertainty lies. Offensive measures with the means available can always be planned.

It is not fantastic by any means to believe that constant experiments by every major nation have resulted in the discovery of one or more gaseous compounds which will pass every known obstacle except the one which the particular nation alone knows of—gases which are relatively simple in composition, which can be quickly and easily produced by existing industrial organizations in large quantities, and which will accomplish what is expected of them without hindrance or delay. It is equally probable that no nation contemplates the use of a toxic or fatal gas, for quite aside from considerations of humanity as such, it has become almost axiomatic that nothing should be done in warfare of this kind which might possibly result in reprisals against which there is no available defense.

Gas instruction, gas discipline and the universal use of gas masks to prevent the passage of the deleterious gas into the respiratory system are the only defense against the actual presence of gas, and even these things are not entirely effective against the vesicant or blistering compounds. The masks all depend primarily upon the removal of the gas by absorbing it from the air breathed by the wearer. The gas-laden air is inhaled and is really cleaned of dangerous substances as it passes over a relatively small amount of chemicals just before it enters the respiratory system. Charcoal—the carbon of chemistry—especially that made by burning cocoanut shells and peach stones without exposure to the air, has been a favorite agency for absorption.

Speculation as to the use of gas in the event of future hostilities is staggering in the infinite possibilities which it opens up, and is consequently futile; but the civilized races are not in the slightest danger of destroying themselves by horrible methods of warfare. If they were, they would not be the civilized races.

Success

Success
Is an old man
Who dreams of past conflicts
And wishes he could fight them over
Again.

WILLIAM ALLEN WARD.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MARYLAND TERCENTENARY

By MARK O. SHRIVER

IT IS yet five years to the spring of 1934 and the tercentenary of the landing in St. Clement's Bay of Leonard Calvert and the pilgrims who came from England with him in the Ark and the Dove, but there have already been many conferences and discussions to determine the most suitable manner of celebrating that notable anniversary. It is the founding of the colony which is to be commemorated, rather than the granting of the charter to Cecil Calvert two years earlier, in 1632. Though it was in that year that Cecil proclaimed his doctrine of toleration, it was not until 1634, when the Maryland charter had been granted to him as the son of George Calvert, first Lord Baltimore, that Leonard, a younger son, led the colonists to those shores which provided for the first time in the English-speaking world freedom of religious worship according to any Christian form, and separation of church and state.

In discussing this policy of toleration it is good to recall that, while the edict of toleration uses the words "according to any Christian form," there is no account to be found anywhere among all the early colonial records to indicate that any adherent of a non-Christian form was persecuted or molested. This spirit of the Calverts has seemingly permeated all the preliminaries thus far to the celebration of the approaching tercentenary. At every meeting and in every conference stress has been laid on the obligation of keeping constantly in mind the necessity for a program as broad, as liberal, as tolerant as those principles which the Calverts themselves professed: as generous as the blessings which they brought to this new world from an old world torn by sectarian hate and religious strife. There has been insistence again and again on the fact that religious elements must not be too prominently pushed to the front, lest dissension enter into what should be a harmonious whole. The great civic idea which is to be expressed is found in the plan of all the Calverts—George, Cecil and Leonard—of a haven for the oppressed of every race and creed; of a refuge to be offered the persecuted; of that full, absolute and complete religious toleration which they established and maintained while they held power in the fair province of Maryland.

The first definite steps in anticipation of the tercentenary came in the spring of 1926. A meeting was called in Baltimore under the auspices of the Calvert Associates. Following that gathering, which was addressed by many notables—among them Sir Esme Howard, the British ambassador, Governor Albert C. Ritchie, Senator William Cabell Bruce, the Reverend John LaFarge, S.J., Mr. Michael Williams and representatives from the Catholic University—a committee of the Knights of Columbus, in coöperation with the Maryland Historical Society and the Calvert Associates, prepared a resolution or memorial which was presented to the Senate and House of the General Asembly of the state, and was unanimously adopted in both branches late in the winter of 1927. Committees were named by the Honorable David G. McIntosh, president of the Senate, and the Honorable E. Brooke Lee, speaker of the House of Delegates, to meet separately and together, and to report back to the General Assembly in the session of 1929. The story of the resolution and of some of the events leading up to it was told in The Commonweal for March 30, 1927, but so far as the public has been informed, neither of the legislative committees has taken any direct action up to the opening of the session in January of this year, save for some casual coöperation with the Governor's commission, referred to below.

Toward the end of May, 1927, another meeting was called in the hall of the Maryland Historical Society in Baltimore. The sponsors of this effort were certain members of a group of patriotic societies—the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution and of the American Revolution, the Society of Colonial Wars, the Maryland Pilgrims, the Pilgrims of St. Mary's, and many others. An organization was effected and a small subcommittee appointed. After several meetings it prepared a long list of names as suggestions for a proposed commission to be appointed by the Governor for the purpose of reporting on a comprehensive plan to recognize and honor the approaching tercentenary. (This report was filed with Governor Ritchie late in January.)

This list of names was submitted to the general group, but at the suggestion of the Governor, who has at all times been kept closely in touch with the plans and developments, the number of names to be finally submitted to him was considerably reduced. It was deemed best that a large majority of the commission should be resident in Baltimore, not only because a majority of the population and a great part of the wealth of the community are centered in that city, but because, since it was desirable to have full attendance at each meeting, members from more distant counties would find it difficult, if not wholly impossible, to attend regularly. Acting in large measure on the suggestions thus offered him, Governor Ritchie did name a commission of thirty-four members under the chairmanship of William L. Marbury, a prominent lawyer, which included in its membership Protestants, Catholics and Jews.

Following a meeting of the whole commission, Mr. Marbury named a special committee of seven, each of whom was to prepare his own outline of suggestions for what seemed the most appropriate procedure, so

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that the largest possible number of citizens might have a share in the activities, and so that Maryland's contribution to the welfare and progress of mankind might be most properly recalled, and at the same time, due honor might be paid to those spots most intimately connected with the landing and the celebration of the first Mass by the Jesuit Father White. From the beginning one general plan seems to have been uppermost in the thoughts of those who were fostering and promoting all these activities. It is suggested that the jubilations continue through a period of at least three days. The first day, of course, would be March 25, and would include the dedication of a monument or memorial at St. Mary's, fashioned of granite or marble and set in the centre of a modest tract to be erected by the state into a park where annual services of a patriotic and religious character might be held. The exercises of the first day should be appropriate to the opening of so great an anniversary, but neither elaborate nor costly, and should concern the establishment of the colony of Maryland and the principle of toleration.

On March 26 the scene should shift to the State House at Annapolis, with tributes to those who came after the Lords Proprietary and developed the colony. Then, on March 27, the climax of the celebration should be held in Baltimore, with recognition of the expansion and growth of the state.

The specific recommendations of the commission, which are now in the Governor's hands and must be submitted to the Assembly for approval, cover generally the features listed above. They include also the procuring of a site at Cowes, on the Isle of Wight, and the erection there of a tablet to be suitably inscribed, telling of the sailing of the Ark and the Dove with the original colonists on November 22, 1633. They cover, too, a feature which will possess utilitarian value as well as historic worth: in the words of Mr. Richard M. Duvall, who wrote the report, the erection on a lot in State House Circle of a fine fireproof Memorial Hall of Records in which shall be gathered and preserved perpetually the public records of the province and the state of Maryland; all of the memorials to be dedicated in such ways as may be found convenient and desirable. The estimated cost of the Memorial Hall is set at about $300,000, but it is not likely that any appropriations will be made at this session of the legislature. The Governor's budget has been prepared and submitted, and the money can well be supplied at a later date when once the preliminaries have been arranged.

This is the story of what has been done thus far. The extent and character of all the observances must be determined by the legislature which will do the appropriating. It is impossible now to do more than indicate the thoughts of those interested in all the great events of the founding—indeed the report declares that the program may well be deferred for future consideration. No final form can be determined.

RIVER CHANGES

By WILLIAM EVERETT CRAM

TWO miles to the southwest of my home there lies a stretch of swamp and forest from which a little brook runs eastward toward the sea. The early settlers named it Taylor's River, but why it was ever distinguished by the title "river" used to puzzle me when, as a boy, I fished and swam and hunted wild fowl and muskrats there.

Taylor's River then was just a slow-running brook, and except where its waters were held back by the mill dam, could be jumped across or waded almost anywhere. It was bordered on both sides by pastures and grassy meadows from which the meadow hay was harvested in August; when overflowed by sudden rainfall—or by thaw in winter—the water rushed away unchecked, and twenty-four hours later there was just the little sluggish brook and nothing more.

The sawmill on Taylor's River was abandoned, the dam gave way and the muddy bottom of what was once the millpond became overgrown with sedge and pasture grass. In time of drought the stream itself dried up, except where little ponds of stagnant water stood along the deeper stretches.

Of late years I have found scant time for following the stream's course, but on Decoration Day last year I took my trout rod and fished a little woodland brook which flows into Taylor's River from the north. The months of April and May had been practically without rainfall and the brook was low. Following down to where it joined the river, I was surprised to find the latter stream running full with a quick, clear current. I strolled westward along its margin. The water stretched wide—half a dozen rods from bank to bank—with swaying sedge and nodding pickerel weed reflected on its sunlit surface; deep below them submerged water-grass writhed and twisted, where formerly at this season that rooted in the deepest channel was half in air.

The Cove is a trackless swamp miles in extent connecting this stream with Exeter River, into which the bulk of its waters flow. Wondering if perchance fallen trees and driftwood might have blocked that outlet, I made my way a mile or more to where Kenney Brook drains a tiny fraction of the Cove this way, half expecting to find the whole swamp overflow coming down into Taylor's River. But no, Kenney Brook was just as it always had been, while Taylor's River came down from the west, surrounding trees that had grown up and reached maturity on dry ground and were now submerged.

All last summer, the rainfall, though of frequent occurrence, was light; and yet Taylor's River ran full throughout the season, and there was swimming and diving where, as a boy, I used to wade knee-deep on summer days.

On a cloudy November day, after the corn was harvested, the apples picked and the farm work in general as nearly done for the season as it ever is, I made my way across lots to where the stream comes from its swamp source, and with my gun on my shoulder followed its winding trail mile after mile, determined to solve the problem of its increased volume. The conclusion which I finally arrived at was very simple.

Meadow and low pasture land were overgrown with sedge, bull rush, cattails and alders. The rainfall and the melting snow, which in former years ran off unhindered as from a shingled roof, are now held back. A three-day northeaster is no longer followed by a sudden freshet and then quickly receding waters, but in rain and drought alike the stream runs even as a forest brook, and Taylor's River is once more a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

river, as it was in the days of the uncleared forest when first it was given that name.

The feeling of regret for a thing that is past; those bygone days of late summer when, after the upland haying was done, the farmers mowed the meadow hay by hand, toiling in the heat of August weather—"for the hay of the river meadows is the hardest of all to win"—is almost overbalanced by a feeling of gladness that now once more the river has come into its own.

When this eastern watershed of North America was first settled by the white men, brooks and rivers alike flowed seaward beneath the shadow of dense forests. Evaporation of their waters by sun and wind was so slight as hardly to count at all; the wasting away of the snow in the spring was gradual, for only here and there could the sun reach it even at midday, except in hardwood glades, and everywhere dead leaves and deep, loose forest loam and rotten tree trunks with the unfrozen earth beneath, soaked up the water and held it back indefinitely. Of course all streams run full or shallow, as the season and weather changes determine, but sudden floods or beds run dry are practically unknown to those which lay their trail from source to mouth in native timber land.

Where now there are bare rock ledges, were then undoubtedly overshading trees and deep loam. As soon, however, as the timber was cut away and the stump land burned over, erosion of the soil by rain and thaw and frost upheaval began, and is still going on wherever any remnant of unprotected soil yet clings to the rocky ledges of the hills. Ground juniper and other humble growths, clinging to the bare rocks with roots which penetrate each seam or crevice, retard the waste and give shelter to stray seedlings of birch, and later spruce and pine; but a thousand years or more will be required to accumulate soil of any depth.

In the intervales and lowlands, the woods were cut away, and stump land changed to pasture where cattle and sheep nipped every bud sprout. By the beginning of the last century there was far more open country in northern New England than there is today; the woods of that time being mostly restricted areas of old growth timber. Brooks and rivers, throughout the greater part of their course, made their way seaward between sunlit field and meadow. Mill ponds for grist-mill and sawmill were of frequent occurrence along even the smaller streams. Then the great western plains were opened up for grazing land, and the little eastern farms could not compete successfully with them in raising beef and mutton, and went out of the business. Portable sawmills and gasoline engines crowded out the water-power mills, and the streams once more went on their way unhindered; their banks and watersheds overgrown more and more each season with the new forest growth.

Whether one follows stream or highway, in returning to this part of the country after a fifty-year absence one must be astounded at the change which has taken place. Along some roads which had been main-traveled highways, there is now hardly space to walk between the tips of drooping forest boughs, with saplings springing up underneath them here and there in the wheel tracks. Stone walls, all overgrown, show frequent gaps where once were gateways; the almost obliterated driveways leading back to the ruins of farm buildings, with perhaps a lilac bush or bed of tiger lilies still struggling to maintain a place among the trees. Along roads more recently abandoned, farmhouses still in fair condition are crowded in by the forest, with orchard trees standing in line among birch, tamarack and maple.

There are signs, however, that the change in this direction has just about reached its limit, for the western farms are pretty much divided up: the raising of beef and mutton there being now just about on equal footing with that of the eastern farms. Everywhere in New England the farmers now talk of beef raising as more profitable than dairying; while others are equally enthusiastic concerning the pasturing of sheep and lambs on the abandoned farms. Both beef and mutton yield good profit here now, and promise better still for the future.

What is it that gives the charm of intercourse with running water—that sense of close contact with a living spirit, glad and free when the stream runs full and clear, depressed and saddened at those times when its current is sluggish and foul? Beauty and continuous movement in graceful running lines are not sufficient in themselves. One little stream which I have always known possesses all these attributes in full measure, yet lacks the charm of personal communion. This stream flows westward through forest, swamp and pasture land. When first I explored it, groves of tall pines stood here and there along its banks towering above the lesser growths, and sunlit glades fragrant with juniper, bay and sweet fern gave added charm; but the brook itself, though always running with a clear and even current, was lacking in attraction. I have never felt that it was conscious of my approach or presence on its banks.

COMMUNICATIONS

CONCERNING CATHOLIC POETS

Arlington Heights, Mass.

TO the Editor:—Father McAstocker might be able to get over the difficulty regarding the correct use of the word "Catholic" as applied to poets and poetry by calling his publication, not Current Catholic Verse, but Current Verse in Catholic Magazines. Then he could easily include the poems of those not of the Faith who contribute to Catholic publications, and there would be no confusion. But Current Catholic Verse will inevitably mean to most people "current verse written by Catholics."

Incidentally, may I say that it is not because we think it an honor to be called a Catholic that we try to claim as Catholics those who do something which we think worth while? It is because, having played for several hundred years, in English-speaking lands, a minor part in science, literature and art, as well as in statecraft and politics, we view with pride any manifestation of outstanding achievement among Catholics, and fasten with joy upon this or that person who is or ought to be a Catholic, and whose work has attracted the attention of people outside the Church. It is a case of that state of mind which has been described as an inferiority complex. It is the same state of mind that is behind the writing of books bearing such titles as What Catholics Have Done for—almost anything you may mention. I heartily agree with Father McAstocker when he says that "we both stultify ourselves and show very poor taste in striving to confer that honor [the name Catholic] willy-nilly—on famous personages, whether it be for poetry, science or any other line of endeavor."

Some of our Catholic publicists do not seem really happy unless when they are able to pin a scapular on the most prominent baseball player or pugilist, to say nothing of movie actors and actresses. The fact that some of these celebrities are far from being a credit to the Church should cause us to modify our transports somewhat.

DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHO SHALL CONTROL THE PARKS?

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—In your issue of February 20, you speak of a discussion going on in the Colorado press as to whether the state should turn over the Rocky Mountain National Park to the federal government, and allude to Mr. Thomas F. Mahoney's objection to monopolies in transportation and housing.

The Rocky Mountain National Park has been under federal jurisdiction (the National Parks Service of the Department of the Interior) since 1915. Moreover, I am sure that everyone who knows this park will testify to the high degree of competence and fine sense of public trusteeship exhibited by the National Parks Service. I have motored, tramped, climbed and ridden horseback over much of its 378 square miles during two summers. National Park officials and foresters exercise commendable vigilance against fire and depredation of tree, plant and wildflower life. Name, distance and altitude markers, added to excellent roads and trails, make exploration convenient and relatively safe. Shelters at Fall River Pass on the Continental Divide, and at other exposed places, are provided. Look-out stations with service men on duty are placed at intervals in the high mountains. Foresters meet tourist parties without cost at certain points during the summer, and conduct them down trails where they can be initiated into the lore of glacier, stream and mountain.

There is a transportation monopoly, the Rocky Mountain Transportation Company, which operates hotels at Grand Lake and Estes Park. There are many private hotels and lodges, however, and no one need patronize these hotels. When one has been driven carefully and safely over roads rising in horseshoe curves from 7,500 to 11,000 feet in a four-hour drive, with possible drops of 1,000 feet and more over the brink (there are no protecting guards) one sees justification for a monopoly when that monopoly gives such good service at such reasonable rates as the Rocky Mountain Transportation Company.

The only alternative I can see is that the federal government itself should operate the buses, as the routes are too dangerous for indiscriminate service for hire. I never thought the rates to be high; I was often surprised at their moderation. And I do not favor monopolies.

JOHN R. SHILLADY.

THE SHORTEST WAY WITH RADICALS

Somerville, Mass.

TO the Editor:—It is extremely interesting to note the self-complacency of men of affairs in viewing the conditions created in our social and economic life as a result of seasonable and sectional unemployment—conditions that alarmingly encourage Communism, extreme Socialism and Bolshevistic tendencies.

This growing evil should be a matter of grave concern, since it creates in the individual a fundamental disrespect for constituted law and authority which will affect posterity to a degree that may involve the principles on which our constitution was founded.

The people in question, who have inherited or acquired Communistic, Socialistic or Bolshevist tendencies, should not be altogether criticized or condemned. The environment and circumstances governing the lives of persons emigrating from other countries (whose form of government varies from that of our incomparable United States) are largely instrumental in creating certain opinions, which then become perverted when privation and unemployment are the dominating factors in the lives of the individuals holding them.

A coöperative and concerted effort to create a maximum of employment should be the principal duty of every active agency, including chambers of commerce, boards of trade and similar institutions. This will ultimately develop a condition whereby the inclination to adopt the policies of associations not in accord with the established form of government will become less noticeable, and in time, I believe, wholly eradicated.

A dangerous situation will have come about if the tendencies of the associations opposed to the government are allowed to develop radically, without the adoption of restrictive measures, or the creation of an environment to discourage thoughts of a character directly opposed to our laws and customs.

The individual opinions of the members representing associations opposed to our form of government are neither questioned nor criticized here. These ideals, however, are not to be fostered in our glorious country, but should be left for consideration and application in the countries of their adoption. Their advantages or disadvantages will be a matter for the future to determine.

WILLIAM H. BASTION.

WASHINGTON IN THE REMAKING

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—In the article of mine entitled Washington in the Remaking, published in The Commonweal for February 27, I refrained from repeating an interesting statement which I had not at the time been able to verify. As I have since had the opportunity of doing so, and as it adds picturesqueness to the remarkable story of L'Enfant, I beg you will give this communication a place in your columns.

In calling attention to the fact that William Dudley Digges was grandnephew to Daniel Carroll, the commissioner with whom L'Enfant could not agree, I also said he was cousin to Daniel Carroll of Duddington, the other adversary of the major. This is true, but the relationship was really much closer, for the wife of Mr. Digges was Eleanor Carroll, eldest child of Daniel Carroll of Duddington. She was a baby in 1791, when the dispute occurred regarding her father's house; it was she, therefore, who welcomed the distinguished but poverty-stricken Frenchman to her home, and who cared for him till his death in 1825.

It is also of interest to note that the great-granddaughter of Mrs. William Digges, Miss Eleanor Carroll Morgan, at that time a young schoolgirl, was chosen to unveil the L'Enfant memorial at the ceremonies at Arlington on May 22, 1911.

ELIZABETH S. KITE.

THE DUBIOUSNESS OF DROUGHT

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—In the last paragraph of the first column of page 421 of your issue of February 13 there occur the statements: "Senator Sheppard of Texas is the author of the Eighteenth Amendment. Yet he was forced, the other day, to oppose in the Senate an appropriation of $300,000,000 which Dr. Doran, prohibition commissioner, has declared necessary for the complete enforcement of the Volstead Act." This is evidently an unintentional error inasmuch as I supported this appropriation on the floor of the Senate.

MORRIS SHEPPARD,
United States Senator from Texas.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

The Kibitzer

I AM inclined to disagree broadly with those critics whose praise of this play centered largely on the consummate acting of Edward G. Robinson. In spite of the surface triviality of the story, there is much that cuts very deep into a universal human weakness and so manages to give the play a gently serious overtone. Incidentally, you can add this play to the growing list of successful comedies which manage to pack the house without using a single off-color situation.

Kibitzer represents the real collaboration of two authors, one of them, Jo Swerling, a newspaper man, and the other Mr. Robinson himself. The play, so the story goes, was first brought to Mr. Robinson when he was still a member of the Theatre Guild Acting Company, and was given a summer trial with Mr. Robinson in the chief rôle. Since then a process of rewriting, covering nearly two years, has brought to the stage the present finished version of its capacious humor, its gentle irony, its moments of uproarious farce and its passages of real feeling. It is far, of course, from being a great play in the accepted sense of dealing with some monumental theme. But certainly, if we set it alongside some of the classical comedies (Molière's Bourgeois Gentilhomme, to take one example) it has by comparison many qualities which should make it endure long beyond the present, and invite its revival occasionally as a pungent comment on an everlasting type.

We are much too apt, in discussing permanent dramatic values, to consider only the famous tragedies. Shakespeare's Taming of the Shrew is certainly a very trivial episode, greatly overdrawn in spots, yet it continues to furnish lively entertainment from one generation to another. The obvious reason is that it applies to the age-old question of whether a man or a woman should dominate in the married relationship. The Molière play, on the other hand, does nothing more than poke fun at the eccentricities of the newly rich. The newly rich, like the poor, we have always with us, so that the comedy loses none of its flavor today. The play Kibitzer selects as its leading figure a character that has never been known to be absent from any human gathering—the unsuccessful person who is always able to give instant advice to everyone else on every subject under the sun, but is quite unable to make a decision for himself whenever he must act on his own responsibility. In the character of Lazarus (Mr. Robinson) you will find summed up all the weaknesses and the foibles, all the humiliating ironies, of the person who knows how to manage other people's business much better than his own. For this reason I maintain stoutly that Kibitzer has in it the qualities of a universal comedy, and that it will be received with just as much relish fifty years or more from now as it is today.

To be sure, Mr. Robinson does a masterly job in his portrayal of the Amsterdam Avenue cigar-store keeper who, after two decades of giving advice to everyone else, suddenly finds himself obliged to use his own judgment on a matter that involves his fortune or his ruin. I have said, not once but half a dozen times during the course of the last few years, that Mr. Robinson is the best and most versatile character actor on the American stage. He has passed far beyond the limitations of type. You will perhaps recall that he has given masterly impersonations of Caesar in Androcles and the Lion, of the epileptic in The Brothers Karamazov, of the stalwart and soldierly Diaz in Maximilian and Juarez, of the sinister maniac in Pirandello's Right You Are if You Think You Are, and of the Chicago gang leader in The Racket, not to mention the sadistic villain of The Man with Red Hair. His portrait of I. Lazarus is not to be confused, therefore, with such purely type portraits as David Warfield's in The Music Master. It is a wholly creative character study drawn by a man who, if given the chance, could do a Napoleon equally well. By all means see Robinson as the eternal Kibitzer—but do not let the perfection of his work blind you to his enormous versatility, nor force you to think of him forever after as destined for the same type of part. He is, in a sense very rare in the theatre today, a true artist.

The story of the play is very simple. Lazarus is yanked suddenly from the world of make-believe gambling into the stern realities of an attempted murder. He saves the life of a prominent Wall Street man, and then comes square up against the task of naming his own reward. Told he can have any sum he asks for, he is so afraid of making it either too much or too little that he cannot reach a decision. He is then offered, instead, the chance of participating in a real stock-market transaction, with full power to say at what moment a certain stock shall be sold. He accepts the chance in a moment of bravado, and his cigar store promptly becomes a centre of frenzied finance. He installs a ticker, sells shares in his possible profits to his friends, and then experiences the miracle of seeing his stock rise. But when shall he sell? Shall he take a small and sure profit, or reach for the sky? Once more he cannot decide, even though his whole future depends on it, and the happiness of his daughter into the bargain. Once more reality is too much for him. How it all ends is best left for the playgoer to find out for himself. Suffice it to say that every character of the cigar-store group is well drawn, that farce is never allowed to displace an undercurrent of real feeling, and that this play comes as near as is humanly possible to creating an entirely new central character in the theatre. Mr. Robinson is admirably supported by a large cast in which Jeanne Greene, the only girl, is excellent and all the minor parts are played to the hilt. Kibitzer deserves a triumph. (At the Royale Theatre.)

Meet the Prince

THIS is a powder-puff comedy by A. A. Milne in which Basil Sydney and Mary Ellis are making their first appearance of the season. It is the farthest thing in the world from a comedy with a universal theme, and in one sense it is probably the most supremely unimportant bit of charming nonsense that has been tossed upon the New York stage since the official season began. It cannot be called a comedy of character, in spite of the fact that Milne, with inimitable grace, has etched a number of delightful characterizations into its pages. It has, however, the audacity to plant before you one or two utterly impossible situations and, by its sheer charm and irony, to make you want very much to believe them. There are even moments when you actually shiver with delight at the subtle way in which Milne takes you into his confidence and exposes to you characters of the English countryside without any comment other than their own actions and self-revelations. You may find yourself a little restless occasionally at the slow

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

progress of events, but in spite of your better judgment you will probably find that you are experiencing a good deal of harmless enjoyment.

The action, such as it is, takes place in the living-room of Simon Battersby's cottage in Wych Trentham, outside of London. There is no particular reason why Simon Battersby or his charming daughter Angela should be any more interesting than a thousand other reposeful persons in London suburbs. But for your general amusement, Mr. Milne has decided that Simon Battersby is the kind of man who would like to receive a letter occasionally, and who decides that "there are more people than you can count on your hands who say to themselves every morning, 'I don't think I will write Simon Battersby a letter today.'" He also has a habit of running around his living-room in a bathrobe about three minutes before his dinner guests arrive, and even after some of them do arrive. His daughter has somewhat the same negligée attitude toward life. The purpose of all this is little more than to create a casual and believable atmosphere in which anything might happen. There is an alleged general's widow living in the town (Mary Ellis); also an amusing army captain and his wife; a monumental old dowager, Mrs. Faithful, and her demure daughter Imogene; a Dr. Ainslie, and one or two off-stage characters, whom you manage to feel pretty accurately.

The Battersbys are having a loose-ended dinner party for one Prince Michael of Neo-Slavonia, whom Angela happens to have met at Monte Carlo. The gist of the whole unimportant business is this: that Prince Michael turns out to be the runaway husband of Jennifer, the alleged general's widow, and that within the course of three acts they manage to reconcile their former differences and come to a sprightly understanding. Michael Brown (for such is the Prince's real name) has gone the average imposter one better by inventing not only his title but the name of his supposed country as well, in the full assurance that no one in England is intelligent enough to know whether such a country exists or not. Jennifer, on the other hand, rather than admit to the English countryside that her husband had suddenly deserted her, has invented the old army general who is supposed to have been accidentally killed in India. For this reason, neither is in a position to expose the other, and much of the second and third acts is taken up in a battle of wits between these two somewhat daring young people. From this you can see that Mr. Milne has fashioned his comedy, after the manner of his own Prince Michael, out of thin air. At no time during the evening does it attain much more than the charm of airy nonsense.

Obviously, a comedy of this sort demands nothing less than the most expert acting, and Mr. Sydney and Miss Ellis have brought to their assistance an exceedingly capable cast. Moffat Johnston, as Battersby, and the lovely Cecile Dixon, as his daughter, set the first act mood to perfection. Eric Blore contrives a delightful burlesque as the army captain, and Miss Cliffe and Miss Stoddard, as the enormous Mrs. Faithful and her supposedly, shy daughter, speed along many anxious moments. Jennifer and the Prince are, of course, taken by Miss Ellis and Mr. Sydney. Miss Ellis has added enormously to her resourcefulness in comedy since the days when she played The Romantic Young Lady at the Neighborhood Playhouse. And Mr. Sydney, too, must have pleasantly surprised those who imagine that he lacks lightness of touch. This is the kind of comedy you would recommend to a friend only in great trepidation, because so much depends upon one's mood at the time and upon one's willingness to yield to a world of charming improbabilities. (At the Lyceum Theatre.)

BOOKS

Liberty and the Courts

Losing Liberty Judicially: Prohibitory and Kindred Laws Examined, by Thomas James Norton. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

AS ITS title implies, this book defends and elaborates the proposition that American citizens have lost some of their liberties through decisions of the courts, particularly the Supreme Court of the United States. The decisions which the author offers as proof of the proposition are mainly those relating to control of the liquor traffic and prohibition, although he does consider in the last chapter a few which have to do with other subjects. However, the latter are relatively unimportant.

Probably the most important case which he reviews is that of Mugler vs. Kansas, in which the Supreme Court for the first time clearly upheld the right of a state to enact total prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquor. This decision, the author contends, was wrong because it deprived citizens of liberty, as that term was understood when the constitution was adopted. That is to say, the word "liberty" in the "due process" clause of the Fifth Amendment was understood by the men who wrote the constitution to mean the freedom of the citizen from interference by law in those activities which do no harm to others. The Kansas prohibition law prevented persons who could use liquor without injury to themselves or others from obtaining it; therefore it violated the liberty guaranteed them by the "due process" clause of the Fourteenth Amendment. The author admits that the law might constitutionally subject the rational users of liquor to some inconvenience in order to protect those who were unable to use it rationally. For example, a town or city prohibition law would be in accord with the constitution as long as it did not deny persons who were capable of controlling their appetites the opportunity of obtaining liquor from places outside the prohibiting area. But to make the purchase of liquor so difficult as to be practically impossible for large numbers of the citizens in the state was to impose upon them an unconstitutional measure of inconvenience. This assertion the author supports by appealing to another decision of the Court, in which the states are said to be restrained in their encroachments upon liberty "by the general principles supposed to limit all legislative power."

In all probability the author is right in his contention that a state-wide prohibition law violates the constitutionally guaranteed liberty of the citizen, as it was understood when the constitution was adopted. No person who is acquainted with the history of political thought in this country can doubt that, if any state had enacted a prohibition law in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, subsequent to the decision of Marbury vs. Madison in 1804, the Supreme Court would have declared it unconstitutional. However, this admission, or assertion, is of little practical importance. Many other words and concepts in the constitution have been diminished or expanded by the courts in a way that was not thought of by the men who wrote the constitution. As Justice Holmes pointed out in his dissenting opinion in the District of Columbia Minimum Wage Case, the word "liberty" was expanded within half a century from "liberty to follow the ordinary callings" to practically unlimited freedom of contract. In the case of the prohibition laws and restrictive liquor legislation generally, the construction of this precious word "liberty" has

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

run in the opposite direction. The liberty of the citizen to get and drink liquor has been judicially diminished. But his liberty to impose oppressive industrial contracts upon his fellows has been judicially extended.

Mr. Norton has produced a very enlightening and very useful study of our judicially caused loss of liberty, so far as access to intoxicating liquor is concerned. Unfortunately, the effectiveness of his argument under this head is considerably weakened by his excessively individualistic theory of the rights of the citizen in general against governmental restraint in general. For example, he condemns the minimum wage laws and compulsory state insurance of bank deposits. Measures of this sort are so clearly in the interests of justice, so clearly a means of protecting the weak against economic oppression by the strong, that anyone who condemns them prejudices his case against legislative and judicial usurpation of other rights of the citizen. He proves too much. The plea that "government should let the man alone" can easily be extended, and in some cases is extended by the author himself, to become a demand that the government should permit the economically strong to injure the economically weak, so long as they do it under cover of a technically free contract. It is too bad that Mr. Norton does not recognize the essential distinction between laws which restrain this sort of individual liberty and laws which restrict or destroy a person's freedom to get liquor and drink it in moderation. The distinction may be very simply stated: restraints of the former kind protect the economically weak against the injustice by the strong; prohibition legislation attempts not only to protect the weak against themselves, but to interfere with the strong and to penalize them for the performance of actions involving harm neither to themselves nor to anybody else.

JOHN A. RYAN.

A Mercury to the Arts

By Way of Art, by Paul Rosenfeld. New York: Coward-McCann. $2.50.

PAUL ROSENFELD has been performing these many years the services that James Huneker performed so well for the romantics of the decade before the war: a sort of general correspondent to America on the very latest currents in European art, be it literature, painting or music. There can be no doubt that Huneker had much the better of the two periods, as his time furnished more copy than the post-war groups, for all the pamphleteering on the part of the artists. Moreover, the audience of Mr. Huneker's America was not as sophisticated as the one Mr. Rosenfeld inherits, hence the Dial's man of letters has more difficulty in attracting and holding attention than did the Steeplejack. More often than not Huneker functioned in a routine journalist's capacity, finding his next season's copy waiting for him on his summer sessions of dolce far niente at Le Lapin Agile and the beer gardens of Munich and Vienna. For he was a great raconteur and wrote in a sprightly, gossipy fashion, full of personalia. Mr. Rosenfeld has no such armchair task. His discussions concern themselves solely with the spirit of the work and the man in hand, and his judgments proceed from a background of the study rather than the café.

In By Way of Art there are gathered together articles on the various arts that first saw the light in American periodicals and newspapers. The major half of these evaluations are of music. For the rest there is variegated fare in the shape of studies of Gertrude Stein, Ernest Hemingway, Kreymborg and Wallace Gould, the sculptor Lachaise, and the dancer Angna Enters.

As usual, Mr. Rosenfeld's offerings resemble nothing so much as a tempting tray of hors d'oeuvres, and like all such concoctions, they are a source of unmixed pleasure only to their creator. To the average reader, to the average musician above all, a good portion of these studies of contemporary composers will be unintelligible. There is the story told of a modern master to whom a friend was reading "critical appreciation" from a magazine, and who interrupted the reader in the midst of the verbal cascades: "And does he find all this in my music?" For Mr. Rosenfeld's expositions are highly personal—I had almost said highly spiritual. He also has claims of his own to artistic consideration in the possession of a style that appeals to me, for one, as being more original than attractive. Considerations of style at times seem to take precedence over the critic's work of exposition, and only act as a hurdle to the reader's comprehension. Perhaps Mr. Rosenfeld feels that stylistic innovations are essential to a sensible account of new music; that they are conditioned by the novelty of the reaction before the new work. Be that as it may, I have often had the sensation of pronouncing words with nothing coming to me.

The outstanding virtue in these chronicles is their consistent sense of discrimination. Mr. Rosenfeld's career has been one of riding dark horses up Parnassus; he has placed very few wrong bets. His sense of values is shrewd from long observation of the creative pulse, and from an absolute knowledge of personal activity along creative lines in literature. Without a doubt he is one of the few valuable critics of music in America, and in the sense that he becomes active only when addressed by music of significance, or music with some of its symptoms at least, he is our leader. His comments on the musical art of Stravinsky, Schönberg, Varèse, Hindemith, are trustworthy and illuminating, and this is especially needed in the case of Varèse who, unlike his confrères, does not offer a chronological development in his work for students of Strauss and Debussy to advance step by step. His earliest orchestral works heard here, such as Hyperprism, are the full-blown realization of Varèse himself, and thus a good knowledge of the late romantics is of little assistance in comprehending this musical message.

In general, Mr. Rosenfeld's reviews are more turbulent than the works under consideration. It is to be hoped that in the development of this sensitive nature the emotional tumescence will be quelled by a finer fusion of objective and subjective consideration. If this happens there will become articulate some rare examples of insight into the nature and substance of contemporary art.

WALTER V. ANDERSON.

Toward a Positive Utterance

The Hamlet of A. MacLeish. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.50.

AT THE turn of the century there began in America tentatively at first, a form of activity that shortly began to be known as a "movement," and in time, when the ramifications of this movement grew, as an American "poetry renaissance." Exploration, experimentation: these were the characteristics of the period. The permissible subject-matter of poetry grew greater, the technique of composition more elastic. In pleasure got from activity, progress was taken as a matter of course: the excitement derived from consciousness of the pos-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

session of energy made any exercise of it appear a vital and significant achievement. A sort of intoxication resulted, and subjective values were mistaken for objective. And so the first years of the century passed.

Mr. T. S. Eliot's The Waste Land precipitated upon the scene a phenomenon of such strange aspect that the action then taking place seemed imperiled. The Waste Land was, in fact, a call to order to the doubting Thomases. With its appearance the general tone and direction of American poetry was seen subtly to alter, and to assume a less strictly local character. It caused a gradual but complete change in the tone of voice of American poets, which took on depth and weight, and became less thin, less falsetto. Since a profound tone of voice suggests profounder utterance, the subject-matter of American verse took on a new character. Masculine scepticism replaced a mild feminine cynicism; and vigor took the place of grace. The general tendency became the examination, in a savagely critical mood, of what is and was a process attended by activity in science, of which the bulletins brought to writers a keener realization of the artificiality of their presumptuous sense of isolation. They are only now beginning to realize their responsibilities.

Thus far the result of this shifting of attention and of values has been a body of verse expressive of a complete negation. Only in very widely separated places has one been able to detect any word of positive utterance. It is an extraordinary fact that the whole tendency of American poetry in the last years has been toward a deep-toned form of writing for which an equivalent must be sought in the Elizabethan period.

There now appears a poem which seems by way of being cock-crow in the murkiness precipitated by Mr. Eliot, a poem by Archibald MacLeish, The Hamlet of A. McLeish. Its significance to American poetry far exceeds either its great importance as a work in itself, or its importance as Mr. MacLeish's finest achievement. I am confident it marks a beginning toward a positive utterance.

Mr. MacLeish's technical equipment is rapidly becoming, through constant exercise and exploration, as varied and as adequate as that of any contemporary poet. This is patent from even a casual reading of The Hamlet. He has not only been attentive to the experimentations of his own time, but he has paid tribute to the accomplishments and inventions of the past. Nowhere has his eye rested unprofitably. While he has learned much from Mr. Ezra Pound and from Mr. Eliot, he has not thieved, nor adapted, but contributed, through them, to poetry—since it is a law that what one takes in one must give out, but with conscience and in one's own essential image.

But this apart, what is most moving and exciting about The Hamlet is the mental and emotional force which has so adroitly, so expertly been confined in a poem of some forty pages. What Mr. MacLeish has done has not been merely to parody Hamlet. In the terror of his situation as a human being he has sincerely applied himself to the task of examining himself to this end; that he discover his own identity, and that identity's relationship to whatever proves to be outside itself. In this, sincerity and frenzy have served him well. He has known too long

"the standing before us of
Strangeness under the clear air . . ."

to be silent. He has questioned and waited, and his utterance is the more profound for it.

R. Ellsworth Larsson.

B. ALTMAN & CO.
FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

Business Offices

Designed in the spirit of modern good business that dictates executive rooms in keeping with the professional importance of the concern

By

Altman Decorators

SEVENTH FLOOR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On The Horizon

In the issue of March 20, The Commonweal will publish:

SCIENCE AND FAITH

By **K. P. Herzfeld**

In this article by one of the directors of the physical laboratory of John Hopkins University, the importance of research work and the lamentable shortage of Catholic research students is discussed.

AUTHORS HAUGHTY AND HUMBLE

By **Richard Burton**

Methods of marketing and publishing authors' works in the past are contrasted with the present opportunities of publication.

GHOSTLY MEN AS HISTORIANS

By **Enid Dennis**

An exposition is offered by a skilled writer of the effect of the chroniclers of thought, not the chroniclers of events, on the histories of past epochs.

Other writers who will appear are Reverend John F. McCormick, S. J., Agnes Repplier, Katherine Bregy, Eileen Duggan, George N. Shuster and Henry Louis Hughes.

SUBSCRIBE NOW

THE COMMONWEAL

SUITE 4624
GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL
NEW YORK CITY

$5.00 a Year
$5.50 in Canada
$6.00 Foreign

Please enter my subscription* to *The Commonweal* for one year, beginning with the next issue.

☐ Enclosed find remittance. ☐ Send bill.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

**For eight dollars, plus Canadian or foreign postage, you may enter a subscription for yourself and a friend.*

An Honest Old Autocrat

Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, by Joseph Redlich. New York: The Macmillan Company. $5.00.

SEVERAL serious biographies of Francis Joseph in German and English, and a host of memoirs and reminiscences of civil and military members of his household have been published since the promulgation of the Versailles treaty. None, perhaps, offers a more sympathetically fair and dispassionate study of the ruler in relation to the history of his time, and of the man in relation to his historic task, than does this by Joseph Redlich.

No one who reads Mr. Redlich's well-written, careful study of the nineteenth century's most impersonally conscientious monarch can help but be convinced that Francis Joseph, though a "constitutional ruler," was no shadow emperor. He stands forth as the tenacious upholder of mediaeval Hapsburg autocracy, of the divine right of kings in the loftier sense of the monarch's duty to the peoples whose destinies he controls. To this was added his sense of dynastic obligation, the maintenance of the realm he had inherited. And greater than the tragedies of his personal life is the tragedy of his sixty-eight-years' struggle to overcome a contradiction which at bottom was irreconcilable—the contradiction between his own inmost convictions and the political ideas they fathered, and the new political ideas and ideals of the day.

It is the author's ability to make vividly convincing this unity of purpose proceeding out of a sense of duty to which Francis Joseph was true to the last, and his proof that the life of Francis Joseph was more than that of "the last European monarch of the old school" (as he once described himself to Theodore Roosevelt) that makes his book so interesting. For Francis Joseph's life is the very history of his countries and peoples, of Europe and, in the last analysis, of the world, during his reign.

It is pleasant, too, to find that the author, dealing with more sensational features of the emperor's family existence, his relations with the empress and Frau Schratt, the Meyerling tragedy, et al, discards malicious gossip in favor of well-reasoned opinion based on authentic data. And if we consider the present fragments of that empire which the honest old autocrat held together for so many stormy years, can we help echoing the author's query as to whether the destruction of that unity was really an act of creative policy?

FREDERICK H. MARTENS.

Cycling through England

Roads to the North, by Charles S. Brooks. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.00.

IT WOULD be impossible to find in many volumes so much accurate and interesting information about the English countryside from Southampton to Newcastle as Mr. Brooks gives us, and yet this information is conveyed to the reader without tedium. To Southampton a chapter of information archeological, historical and legendary is devoted, which should be of interest to those who enter England through that port. Thence, accompanied by two friends, Mr. Brooks bicycled through the New Forest (a misnomer for there is no forest there) to Salisbury. At Winterslow he made a pilgrimage to the former haunts of the essayist Hazlitt, for whose writing he cherishes a warm admiration—an admiration which is not without effect on his own prose style.

Mr. Brooks's description of his feelings at Old Sarum on

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a foggy day so closely resemble those of this reviewer outside Westminster Abbey under similar circumstances, that he cannot refrain from quoting them for the benefit of those who may not read this book: "And the crescendo of a mass still haunts the hill—a far-off choir chanting in forgotten vaults—old voices of an age of faith before a northern frost had split the Rock of Peter."

Unimpressed by Stonehenge, "a broken circle of upright and fallen stones, a litter, which to the eye alone is not remarkable," Mr. Brooks speaks enthusiastically of the relatively little-known ruins at Avebury, which were formerly supposed to be of Druidic origin, but which antiquarian opinion now assigns to the worship of Baal. A chapter is devoted to Warwick Castle, and the behavior of some American tourists at Stratford comes in for somewhat unfavorable though not ill-natured comment. We are taken to Kenilworth Castle, so well known to all readers of Scott, and chapters are devoted to the history and legends of York, Fountain Abbey, Ripon, Durham, Newcastle and the Black Country, all relieved by touches of humor which facilitate the absorption of more serious pages.

This is a delightful book, only very slightly marred by an occasional lapse into triteness, as when our author comments on the supposed laziness of Latins and repeats once more the ancient calumny concerning the absence of a word for "home" in the French language.

A. CAMPBELL TURNER.

Catholicism and the Boy

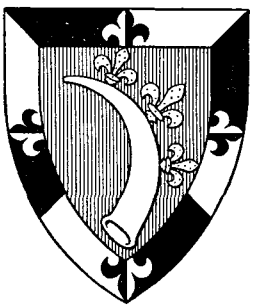
The Parish and Play, by Paul Hanly Furfey. Philadelphia: The Dolphin Press. $2.00.

IT HAS been said that "there is no such thing as a Catholic-boy problem as such." Dr. Furfey, the instructor in sociology at the Catholic University of America, holds—quite correctly—the opposite view, and contributes valuable notes toward the solution of this problem, including the results of his studies and experiences, his own personal opinions on the questions involved, a formulation of the principles of boy work, and an account of the various means now employed to guide and train boys by recreation. It is not the author's intention to give us a complete study so much as a cursory survey. The short bibliographies appended to each chapter bring to notice the best among the more recent publications in this field and serve well for more extended reading.

The author does not distinguish between Catholic boy work and boy work under Catholic auspices, although the very name implies such a distinction. Catholic boy work is the ideal—universally accepted—not that under Catholic auspices only. The former enjoys unqualified approval, the latter has been forbidden by many ordinaries. As far as the reviewer knows, the Holy Father has never approved of character-training agencies " in which children of various religions freely mingle together."

A very interesting chapter is the one entitled Catholic Boys' Clubs in Europe. It furnishes, together with the eleventh chapter, conclusive proofs that Catholic organizations are so far the only effective character-training agencies for Catholic boys. The author might have added that, outside of England, organizations under Catholic auspices are not known and are positively forbidden in Holland, Germany and certain dioceses elsewhere.

The reader should not conclude from these explanatory remarks that the book under review is not a creditable work.



ALBERTUS MAGNUS COLLEGE

For the Higher Education of Women

I. FOUNDING

Founded in 1925 by the Sisters of Saint Dominic, with the approval of the Right Reverend Bishop of Hartford, and incorporated by the Connecticut Legislature with full power to grant degrees, the College takes as its ideal the life of its patron.

Blessed Albertus Magnus (1206-1280), Dominican friar, Count of Bollstadt, Bishop of Ratisbon, teacher at the University of Paris and founder of the University of Cologne, was one of the greatest figures of the Middle Ages, and a pioneer of experimental science. The achievements of his pupil, St. Thomas Aquinas, are evidence of his ability as a teacher.

The College named after Blessed Albertus offers a curriculum in the liberal arts and sciences. Because it maintains the highest standards of entrance, scholarship and teaching it is already among the leading Catholic colleges for women in America.

This is the first of eight descriptive advertisements. For further information address the Registrar.

ALBERTUS MAGNUS COLLEGE

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"THE NEW CATHOLIC PHILOSOPHER OF THE AGE"
London Universe

THE LIFE OF ALL LIVING

The Philosophy of Life

by **FULTON J. SHEEN, Ph.D., S.T.D.**

A new book by this brilliant young priest, is an important addition to your Lenten reading.

Its unusually attractive binding makes THE LIFE OF ALL LIVING a beautiful Easter gift.

12mo 236 pages $1.75

THE CENTURY CO.

353 Fourth Avenue New York

GORHAM

ECCLESIASTICAL PRODUCTIONS

Rosaries Candlesticks Vases
Crucifixes Ostensoria Pyxis & Oil Stocks
Medals Vestments Triptychs

Altar Appointments — Church Decorations
Mosaics—Tablets—Stained Glass Windows

GORHAM
Fifth Avenue at 47th Street, New York

Well educated, single woman, experienced traveler, fluent French speaker, would accompany a lady (or party) on Europan tour. Terms on application. References exchanged.
Reply Care of Commonweal, Box 14.

IRISH HAMS and BACON
Hungarian Salami
German Frankfurters
Westphalian Hams
M. H. GREENEBAUM, INC.
120 GREENWICH STREET NEW YORK

To Serve You Best

Do you have to make excuses
When the party's at its best
Because your feet serve notice
They cannot stand the test?
Do away with foot ills
To nature's plan conform
And you'll never know you have feet
In shoes from PEDIFORME.

Regardless of the nature of your foot troubles, "PEDIFORME" shoes will aid you to regain normalcy. Write for our FREE Style Book K that tells how to overcome foot ills in the natural way.

THE PEDIFORME SHOE COMPANY

36 W. 36 St. New York
29 Washington Pl. East Orange, N. J.
322 Livingston St. Brooklyn

It is actually a valuable contribution to the literature on the subject. Owing to the complexity of the boy problem and the scarcity of reliable publications, every new book written from the Catholic viewpoint is to be welcomed. Dr. Furfey's first book, The Gang Age, was favorably received. It is to be hoped that the present volume will find a place beside it.

KILIAN J. HENNRICH.

Rebellion in Buffalo

The Figured Flame, by Jane Darrow. New York: The Century Company. $2.50.

THERE is nothing to startle or to waylay in this rather ponderous tale of a girl in Buffalo who, repressed by her home surroundings and kept through the prudery of her mother in a state worse than mere ignorance, at last asserts her right to live her own life and leaves home in a search for what is beautiful. The essentially humorless characters are too static to develop or even to unfold; Miss Darrow pulls them on puppet strings, and they obey her perfunctorily but with not the slightest eagerness of their own. The plot is inadequately motivated in that there is too little relation between the various incidents and their consequences; in fact, the connection in several cases is so remote that the action of the story loses the smoothness it should have and becomes jerky and ill-timed.

However, Miss Darrow's story is not without saving graces. Overly serious and painstaking as she has been from beginning to end, her carefulness is to be commended as is her adequate and not ill-groomed style. Even while one wishes heartily that her people were drawn with a lighter touch, and above all that they were created instead of manufactured, one is glad to praise the honesty and consistency in her portraiture. To be recognized also are the occasional bits of rather good description, the simplicity and naturalness in much of the dialogue, and the ability shown in the sustaining of the effort through some three hundred and fifty closely written pages.

It is safe to prophesy better things of Miss Darrow. One reviewer will watch with interest for them.

MARY ELLEN CHASE.

Manual for Foresters

Our Federal Lands, by Robert Sterling Yard. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.00.

ANY smatterer in detective stories knows that the letter "e" can be easily found in any code message because it recurs most frequently. But if Mr. Yard had written the mystic message, the symbol for quotation marks would easily win first place. And no wonder, for he has attempted in 349 pages to cover the following subjects: forestry, silviculture, the economic history of the United States, conservation, reclamation, wild life, Indians, water power, national forests, monuments and parks. His only oversight is the relation of federal land policy to the agricultural implement industry.

Aside from the many interesting photographs, the book would seem useful as a ready reference book to a new instructor in forestry. The formidable array of statistics made available to him could hardly interest anyone else. The reading public is probably too frivolous to be seriously interested in such facts as the paucity of mountain goats (4,248 in 1927) in Montana as contrasted with the campers (34,223); although, as the author shows, every voter should know that these animals cannot survive in competition with domesticated species.

GEORGE MCCABE.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Briefer Mention

April Comes Early, by Carl John Bostelmann. New York: Harold Vinal. $2.00.

THE very kindly foreword by Mr. Cummings to this second collection of Mr. Bostelmann's verse, in which Mr. William Carlos Williams is spoken of simply because he, like Mr. Bostelmann, is resident in New Jersey, leads one to expect more from the present volume than its contents warrant. Still, as Mr. Cummings explains, Mr. Bostelmann is very young—and is he not writing verse in New Jersey? This latter Mr. Cummings would have one accept as ground for pardon of any banality whatsoever, not to mention praise of it. For the most part, the book contains lines of this quality:

> "The world is very beautiful,
> The strange road is splendid,
> And life is real and wonderful
> Far away from town."

By far the most arresting piece in the volume is a sonnet written after reading Rupert Brooke's Menelaus and Helen, by which it is almost painfully influenced.

Storming Heaven, by Ralph Fox. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

YOUTH of the twentieth century longs to be unfettered, free from the bonds that society puts upon it. This is the theme of Mr. Fox's youthful biography of John Johnson—Ivan Ivanish. The tragedy is that youth unfettered has so little to give. Unchained, it forges its own chains. Born of an island woman from beyond the horizon and a wandering English sailor, John Johnson nevertheless claims America as his native land. But the heritage of his birth makes of him a wanderer. We follow him first across the Pacific to Siberia, from there to Asia, and thence to Moscow. His fortune of $250 is soon dissipated. His companions are wandering players, discontented soldiers, camp-followers and the people of "new Russia." He is fated to hurt the two decent people who call him friend. His greatest aversion is to any kind of sustained labor. We meet him when he is just fifteen years old; we leave him, imprisoned for the murder of a prostitute, when he is scarcely seventeen. He has "seen life," and, of course, he has squandered it.

The Bitter End, by John Brophy. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

THE story of a young private, Donald Foster, as told by John Brophy in The Bitter End, is the story of a youth with his long, long thoughts, faced by that "infinity of hell which was 'the duration of the war.'" The Fosters are excellently characterized in the opening chapters. Their's is a comfortable, middle-class family in a comfortable, middle-class boarding house at Rhyl. After digesting several "number-one proper" murders in the Sunday papers, they find that "Germany invades France!" For the boy Donald there follow four years of horror and forced maturity; of trivial romance in the face of danger, of vivid and scarifying companionship with his fellows. To these men life becomes a past without beginning and a future without end. And finally, Armistice Day being celebrated by extra bread and jam in the hospital, the boy cannot even remember just why he joined the army. The story is written without sentimentality.

"This volume is a debunker of myths and prejudices that have too long clouded history."—America.

HOW THE REFORMATION HAPPENED

By HILAIRE BELLOC

"Belloc stands out, with G. K. Chesterton, as the foremost Catholic literary man in England today. It is not too much to say that Belloc's work (How the Reformation Happened) is the most stimulating historical criticism that has for long appeared. It displays the genius of a man who has the firmest of firm convictions. . . . Few people, even careful and intelligent students of the Renaissance and Reformation will leave this book with their views unchanged. For Mr. Belloc has given us an urge to reappraise our entire historical heritage of the Reformation."—*Boston Transcript.* Third large printing. $3.50

At all booksellers

ROBERT M. McBRIDE & CO., *Publishers*
7 West 16th Street New York

NEWMAN SCHOOL

Lakewood—New Jersey

Prepares boys for all leading colleges and universities. Upper and Lower School. Directed by Catholic laymen. Resident Chaplain.

For Information Address

W. GRIFFIN KELLEY, *Headmaster*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LOCK HAVEN ART METAL CO.

Works and General Office
LOCK HAVEN, PA.

Manufacturers of Metal Doors,
Partitions and Hardware

New York Office:
155 East 42nd Street
Telephone:—Murray Hill 0709
Kindly mention Commonweal

ST. WALBURGA'S ACADEMIC SCHOOL

630 Riverside Drive, New York City

Boarding and Day School for Girls, conducted by the Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. Approved by the University of the State of New York. Accredited by the Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools of the Middle States and Maryland.

SPRING AND EASTER TRIPS

BY STEAMER, RAIL OR MOTOR
Savannah, Florida, Bermuda, Havana, Porto Rico, Nassau
Also West Indies Cruise Very Attractive Rates, Booklets Mailed
Centenary of Catholic Emancipation celebration, Dublin, Ireland, June 16 to 23. Conducted party sails May 30. Particulars on Request.
FARLEY TRAVEL AGENCY
Phone Murray Hill 8390 535 Fifth Avenue, New York

Popular Pamphlets on Evolution

THE SCHOLASTIC PHILOSOPHY EXPLAINED. Price, 5 cents. $3.50 per 100 copies. Postage extra.

CERTAINTY IN RELIGION, *Revised Edition*. 15 cents at retail; 12 cents at wholesale. Postage extra.

By Rev. Henry H. Wyman, C.S.P.

THE PAULIST PRESS, 401 West 59th Street, New York City

PIUS X SCHOOL OF LITURGICAL MUSIC
COLLEGE OF THE SACRED HEART
133rd Street and Convent Avenue
AUTUMN, WINTER, AND SPRING COURSES
JUSTINE WARD METHOD OF TEACHING MUSIC—
Courses I, II, III, IV.
Gregorian Chant—Gregorian Accompaniment.
Choir Conducting and Liturgical Singing.
Lectures on the Liturgy and Latin Pronunciation.
Theory of Music—ear training, sight singing, melody writing.
Harmony, according to the Ward Method.
Lessons in Vocal Production, Organ, Violin, Piano, privately or in class.
For further information, address The Secretary, Cathedral 1334

The Commonweal Recommends—

A. BRUDERHAUSEN

47 WEST 47th STREET, NEW YORK CITY

Dealer in German Books
and Publications

Unusually Reasonable Prices

An Anthology of Recent Philosophy, by Daniel Sommer Robinson. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $4.00.

VOLUMES of philosophical readings are becoming increasingly popular, no doubt by reason of the educational doctrine which holds that texts are, after all, the things about which commentaries and histories are written. Professor Robinson's book is in several respects admirable. The dominant varieties of contemporary thinking—idealism, realism, pragmatism—are well illustrated, and the general "orientation" essays are genuinely representative. A paper by Monsignor James Hugh Ryan is the only treatment of neo-scholasticism included, but that fact is not surprising when one bears in mind how completely isolated from the modern current this doctrine has been. In all likelihood much of what has passed as "thought" is valuable only as a logical exercise or a historical phenomenon. These things, however, are not negligible; and the student to whom philosophy is truly "love of wisdom" must always be interested in seeing what persons in absolute disagreement with himself are doing with their minds. Unfortunately Professor Robinson does not carry that inquest far enough. His book is almost entirely concerned with British and American speculation; very few European papers are included. One gets nothing of French philosophy from Maine de Biran to Blondel outside of an excerpt from Bergson; and if Spengler is considered a "leading" German philosopher, the student is given an utterly erroneous impression of the situation so profoundly influenced by Max Scheler and others.

College Life in the Old South, by E. Merton Coulter. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.00.

E. MERTON COULTER is a professor of history in the University of Georgia, so it is natural that he should have selected this university as typical of the state-instituted colleges of the pre-war South. Although the selection is fair enough, Professor Coulter's intimate knowledge of the history of his institution has hampered him in his writing. He has been unable to refrain from telling the greater part of what he knows, when a far less detailed treatment would have lifted his book from the dryness of historical annotations, references and unimportant quotations. In the process, much of the picturesqueness naturally inherent in the subject has been lost. If the reader possesses an impressionable imagination he will be able to derive considerable enjoyment from the book.

CONTRIBUTORS

GEORGE E. ANDERSON, formerly in the American consular service in China, South America and the Netherlands, is now engaged in journalism and law in Virginia.

DR. JAMES J. WALSH, writer and lecturer, is the author of The Thirteenth, the Greatest of Centuries, and other books.

CUTHBERT WRIGHT is professor of literature in Kent School, Kent, Connecticut.

CAPTAIN PAUL BROWN, retired United States Marine Corps officer, is the author of a travel book on Haiti.

WILLIAM ALLEN WARD is a Texas poet.

MARK O. SHRIVER is a member of the Maryland bar and a writer on economics and jurisprudence.

WILLIAM EVERETT CRAM is a New Hampshire farmer and writer, whose books include Little Beasts of Field and Wood.

REV. JOHN A. RYAN is professor of moral theology and industrial ethics in the Catholic University of America, and director of the Social Action Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. He is the author of A Living Wage; and Social Reconstruction.

WALTER V. ANDERSON, formerly secretary of the International Composers' Guild, is a New York critic of music.

R. ELLSWORTH LARSSON is a poet and critic.

FREDERICK H. MARTENS, author, translator, and critic, is the literary editor of G. Schirmer, Inc.

A. CAMPBELL TURNER was formerly associated with the State Department in Washington.

REV. KILIAN J. HENNRICH, O. M. Cap. is the Chief Commissioner of the Catholic Boys' Brigade of the United States.

MARY ELLEN CHASE is associate professor of English literature in Smith College, Northhampton, Massachusetts.

GEORGE MCCABE is an instructor in economics in Yale University.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED